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HERE COMES TEXAS

A CENTENNIAL

By RALPH SELLE

Author of

*"Romance and Texas," "El Jardin," "Luck and Alaska," "A Daughter of the Midnight Sun,"
"Outdoor Nature Series"*

*"In the blue dreamland of Texas
there are no discordant notes"*

SEE TEXAS AND LIVE 100 YEARS

**Carroll Printing Company
Houston, Texas**

THE MOCKINGBIRD is the poor man's symphony. Wild and free, boundless and cosmopolitan, the song of the mockingbird is the song of Texas. No soul stands alone. We are born into definite relationships. All of the life which pulses and throbs around us affects our life. If the bird's song interferes with someone's sleep, it is the fault of the person—not the bird. It might be due to a bad conscience. If a person "cannot sleep for the mockingbird's singing," he should send for a confessor—or a missionary.

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THE TEXAS CENTENNIAL celebration officially begins June 6, 1936. The romance and grandeur of Texas, its legacy of thrilling history, and its array of super-achievements suggest an excursion into a land where wonders become marvels—and marvels become wonders. It is the might—and the will-to-do—the triumph of the American spirit that finds a way to do things.

The motto of Texas is *Friendship*. We are expecting you.

From

To

NOTE

A COMPANION volume to "Romance and Texas," this book is intended as a souvenir of the Texas Centennial. Since there will be a larger edition, and this volume will be distributed, especially out of the state, to people who have not seen the other one, there must needs be some repetition in the subjects treated if not in the exact words. Some of the material has appeared in the *Houston Chronicle*, and there are excerpts from articles published in *Overland Monthly*, *Nature Study Review*, the *Corpus Christi Caller*, and the *San Antonio Light*.

A book should have a purpose. In a fast-moving age, when books multiply and the time to read them becomes less and less, a new book should have a real excuse for its existence.

The Texas Centennial, one hundred years of progress of the "Lone Star State," is sufficient excuse for many books. Marvels of development, making over a primitive land, building cities and railroads and highways, industrial centers and world ports, transforming prairies into farms and orchards and cotton fields, jungles of tangled vines and mesquite into market gardens, grapefruit ranches; and all this against a background of Indians and pirates, romantic and chivalrous leaders from Spain and France, cowboys, rangers, outlaws, and the glamorous times of old missions, an attempt to Christianize a savage race—this romantic history, this colorful pageant, the Texas of early times, and the Texas of today—a theme that attains the stupendous.

This book can only be an introduction; it can only mention a few of the highlights; but if it stimulates a few people to seek further information, its mission will be accomplished.

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"Native Texans are forced to recognize two outstanding, uncomfortable facts relating to Texas: There is much to learn, and we have not learned it."

—“Pipes in the Great Green Tent.”

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Epics of Texas

"I shall never surrender or retreat. Victory or death."—
Colonel Travis at the Alamo.

"Rather than be driven out of this country, or submit to
be a slave, I will leave my bones to bleach on the plains of
Texas."—G. A. Giddings, April 10, 1836.

(Mr. Giddings was killed in the battle of San Jacinto.)

"Here comes Bonham—alone."

(When the Alamo was besieged with superior numbers,
Bonham went out to summon aid. He assured his comrades
that he would return. "Maybe alone, but I'll be back." His
return called out cheers from the weary defenders. Hence the
slogan: "Here comes old Bonham—alone."

"Who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

"The cannon is demanded." "Come and take it."

"Come and take it," was the motto on the first Texas flag.

Massachusetts had Lexington; Texas, Gonzales.

Gonzales, "the cradle of Texas liberty."

Fifty days—March 2 to April 21, 1836—heroics that aston-

HERE COMES TEXAS

ished the world, and a line of strategem and statesmanship that commands admiration after one hundred years.

† † †

"Parade your troops." Men crowded for places; it had to be a single line, for everyone wanted to be in the front line. "Remember the Alamo," and "Hold your fire." They rushed forward as the bugle corps piped:

"Will you come into my bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.
There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek and a smile in your eye."

† † †

"All who wish to leave, stand in their places. Every man who will die with me, come across the line! Who will be first?"
—Colonel Travis at the Alamo.

(Every man leaped over the line but two. Bowie, who was helpless, called: "Boys, move my cot over the line.")

† † †

Sam Houston sent Santa Anna, a quasi-prisoner under military escort, to Washington to interview President Jackson. "They crossed the ferry at Lynchburg. Near sundown on an autumn day the travellers reached and crossed the battleground. El presidente and Almonte rode behind, while all around lay the bleaching bones of their countrymen. No word was spoken."

† † †

"It was necessary," said one of the padres who labored in Texas, "first to transform these Indians into men, and afterwards to labour to make them Christians."

† † †

A record of the rite of baptism: "A single priest baptized in one day, according to his own report, five thousand natives,

and he did not desist until he was so exhausted that he could not lift his hands." Another priest wrote that "an ordinary day's work is from ten to twenty thousand souls."

† † †

Converting the native Indians to work "seems like a greater feat than converting them to Christianity." In the light of what they accomplished, these old priests were miracle-workers.

† † †

The *Telegraph* was the first newspaper established in Houston. The editor says: "Fortunately, we have succeeded in renting a shanty, which, although like the capitol in this place, is

"Without a roof and without a floor,
Without a window and without a door."

† † †

Audubon, the naturalist, came to Houston in 1837. He writes: "We landed at Houston, the capital of Texas, drenched to the skin, and were kindly received on board the steamer 'Yellowstone.' He (President Houston) received us kindly, was desirous of retaining us for a while, and offered us every facility in his power."

GLAMOROUS AND HEROIC TEXAS

FOR MORE than a century, in the loom of time, a brave people have been weaving the fabric of a commonwealth.

The design, like the warp and woof, of that fabric was placed there by men who presided at a new era in the world's history. Davy Crockett, Colonel Bowie, Colonel Travis, Bonham, Fannin and his martyred men—they died for Texas, but their noble sacrifice marked a new height in the cause of liberty.

Their dead hands ring bells, liberty bells. They are not dead; they live in ideals—ideals that tyrants cannot put aside; that spring from the dust to live again. A nation founded as Texas was founded cannot be badly governed very long.

Liberty that has been purchased by human life cannot be trampled upon. A history jeweled with personal sacrifices, that sparkles with the lustre of a heroic age, becomes a beacon light, a guiding star.

The fall of the Alamo gave tyrants a shudder. It cost too dear; no glory in such a victory. Then San Jacinto, where they cut the bridge, and men crowded for places in the front ranks. To live long, purposeless years is nothing, but to boldly meet the Infinite, to struggle against an odds that means death, to calmly lay down life for a cause—that seems sublime. In all ages, such sacrifices, such individual devotion, have called out the highest praise, not only from hero-worshippers but from well-springs of sympathy that are deep-set in the human race.

Texas, the Lone Star State, the "Land of Bluebonnets," the skyline of uninterrupted plains, where the world is a regular disc, acres of cattle, acres of sheep, acres of goats, forests of

GLAMOROUS AND HEROIC TEXAS

long-leaf pine, an empire of grapefruit, a county of onions, tule lands and cypress swamps, oil fields and tank farms, cotton fields and black land farms, mountains, canyons, shorelines, ocean beaches and sandy shores. Then there is the work of man: dredging a ship channel to bring seagoing vessels fifty miles inland to dock at Houston, modern cities with skyscrapers making a skyline that compares to New York, and a system of concrete highways that has attracted the attention of the most progressive states.

Set in a background of romantic history, planned and builded on lines that have no parallel, the Texas of today offers astonishing results for trying out new things, attacking old problems with ingenuity and resourcefulness. Colorful, romantic, the heroic days of cannibal Indians, Mexican bandits, migrating buffaloes, plantations and old missions, can hardly be more intriguing than modern industrial enterprises, modern methods that are being applied to solve problems.

TEXAS CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE

February 12, 1924

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Texas Tomorrow

TEXAS is a new country. While the frontiers of yesterday are gone, here are frontiers. Oil fields are yet to be discovered; natural gas, helium, gushing oil wells in out-of-the-way places offer a lure, a temptation to the venturesome; beds of lignite, salt mines, sulphur beds, immense deposits of nitrates and carbonates, tungsten and iron—even gold, silver and quicksilver—all awaiting systematic development; water power, electrical power, irrigation projects; the immense value of impounding water—winter gardens, fruit ranches—await the organizer, the engineer, who can transform chaparral waste lands into gardens and orchards. Some of the faith and courage, the sacrifice and imagination, and the unconquerable will-to-do-things, inherited from a glorious past, must be projected into the future. The richest oil fields have not been discovered; the greatest projects have not been attempted.

It is men that make a country. Great names of old Texas history live through and are projected into this generation. Stephen F. Austin has been classed as a dreamer—a dreamer who made his dreams come true. He came to Texas in 1821; he carried on the work of his father, Moses Austin. With the skill and patience of a great statesman, he lobbied a colonization law through the Mexican congress, making it possible for him to obtain a charter which granted him the right to bring three hundred families to Texas. The people who joined him were of the highest type of pioneer stock. Thrifty, industrious, independent, liberty-loving, these colonists established plantations on the Brazos and well-ordered farms on the Colorado; but they also built institutions and established ideals. The early history of Texas clings closely about these colonists. Austin has been styled “the Father of Texas,” and that by no less a light

than Sam Houston—a fitting tribute of one great man to another.

Stephen F. Austin lives today in well-ordered farms, beautiful cities, well-organized churches and schools, and political ideals that finally come through the worst modern campaigns. On a smaller scale, and in other fields, we find men carrying on, men of vision attempting the impossible, working and risking, taking big chances to win big stakes; but these we know as ordinary business men. People are inclined to accept some things as a matter of course. And here we might mention W. L. Clayton, cotton factor; Jesse H. Jones, city builder and financier; John H. Shary, developer of the "Magic Valley." In a big state, where big things are expected, big men seem to rise up when they are needed.

There is no dead past; the past is projected unto the future; it is a determining force: the ideals of Texas, the extended outlook that gives vision, imagination, confidence to attack big problems on a big scale—this is an inheritance. The Texas outlook: a great sweep of land, thousands of cattle, cotton patches that cut the skyline in every direction, fields of oil derricks, tank farms that extend for miles, and fruit ranches with great trees bending beneath the weight of oranges and grapefruit, all laid out in units with neat cottages and gardens that border paved highways—and these lined with palms: royal palms, fan palms and trailing fern palms.

Sam Houston is one of the great names that brighten as the years go by; time only adds a halo, a touch of glory, to this great name. The winning of the battle of San Jacinto, the capture of an army and the ruler of a nation in a single combat, placed Sam Houston in the class with Marc Antony and the Duke of Wellington. But that is not all. A strategist, a tenacious leader, a brave soldier willing to die at the head

HERE COMES TEXAS

of his regiment, Sam Houston was a statesman and a diplomat. He surrounded himself with the great men of the day; a man of the opposing party could work in his cabinet; ability was the qualification he recognized; and this group of hardy pioneers contained men of unusual ability. The public documents of those days are dignified, and even yet they serve as models.

The romantic story of old Texas is told under six flags—France, Spain, Mexico, Texas, United States (the Lone Star State), Confederate, and again the great state of Texas. This coming up through history, this evolution of government and social institutions, has left marks, strange customs, unusual or foreign methods and attitudes; but it has left a resiliency of bearing, a mental outlook that is not startled by something new and strange—some of the color and romance of the old days adds glamor to the present, as its light is projected on a grandeur that seems to hover over the future.

A great state, 263,000 square miles, Texas reserved the right to be divided into four states—but it can never be divided, the advantage of size is too obvious—and the diversity of industries and occupations offer such sharp contrasts, such a diversity of interests, that Texas becomes a true democracy. In solving the persistent problems of the state, people must think of their neighbors; they must realize that really good laws benefit everybody; that statewide improvements are public benefits. The state highway system might be mentioned as an example, credit for which is largely due to Hon. R. S. Sterling.

Cynthia Ann Parker

INDIANS!" To the settlers of the frontier, this word would strike with horror. Strong men would pale, women would shudder, and even the youngest child would be scared into silence. Of all the fierce and treacherous tribes that roamed over Texas, the Comanche Indians were among the worst.

It took courage, strong men, strong women, to establish the outposts of civilization, and the patriarchal John Parker, with his sons and daughters, his friends and neighbors from Illinois—all Baptists of the strictest and the most uncompromising faith—seemed fitted for such an undertaking. At the suggestion of Stephen F. Austin, the church was organized before the colony left Cole County, Illinois, as a "Primitive Baptist Band." This colony established the first Protestant church in Texas.

John Parker settled on the Navasota River, one mile west of the present site of Navasota and three miles from Groesbeck. Few of the old landmarks can be located, but the houses of the Parkers were built to form a fort; the outside walls on three sides were complete, while some sheds and a stockade completed the other side. This left an open court where children could play; it was large enough for a meeting-place for the people of the neighborhood; it could accommodate some wagons, and in an emergency it might withstand a siege.

Silas and Lucy Parker were the parents of Cynthia Ann. She was nine years old when she was captured by the Comanches, and she was thirty-four when she was recaptured by Texas Rangers. She had been an Indian for twenty-five years, was the wife of a chief, Peta Nocona, and she had about forgotten all of the traits of white people, even the language.

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May 19, 1836, is recounted as the "day of horrors." A roving band of Comanche and Kiowa Indians suddenly appeared one hundred yards from the stockade. No doubt their scouts had been skulking about the place for several days; they had chosen a time when there were only six men, ten women and fifteen children inside the fort. The other men and women, who were scattered about in the fields, found that Indians had been posted ready to fall upon them at the given signal.

The main body of Indians approached the stockade as though they were traveling; they did not hold weapons in readiness, and they made signs of friendship. Halting at a respectful distance, they displayed a white flag and made more signs of friendship. Benjamin Parker went out to talk to them; they were rather profuse in making friendly signs; they said they wanted a camping place near a hole of water; they also asked for beef, and declared that they were hungry.

Mr. Parker was convinced that the Indians were hostile when he returned to the fort, but the affair was so sudden, the defenders were so few, and ill prepared, that he decided to continue the parley. Disregarding the protest of his brother, Silas, Benjamin Parker went out again to talk to the Indians. As soon as he was in striking distance, they cut him down, gave war whoops, and rushed for the fort. The stockade did not stop them; they knew just where they could get through or over; some rushed to the back gate, a few came to a loose picket which was quickly removed, and a group picked up a slim log which they used as a scaling ladder.

The Indians were in the fort. Silas Parker encountered a group of four or five that were dragging Rachel Plummer. Clubbing with his gun, he knocked down two before an Indian rushed up from behind and felled him with a tomahawk. After Parker went down, Rachel Plummer fought with desperation.

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

With a slapping stroke of her clenched fist, she knocked an Indian down.

She broke loose from the Indians who held her, grabbed a tomahawk and was getting it away from the Indian when she was knocked down with a hoe. Several Indians fell upon her; they tied her securely with rawhide thongs and made her a captive.

Samuel B. Frost and his son Robert succeeded in getting themselves posted with their guns so that they could make a real defense; their deadly fire accounted for at least three, but the Indians rushed in so quickly that they could reload but once. In a very few minutes they were killed and scalped. Elder Parker, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg ran from the fort during the excitement, and they were about a mile away when they were overtaken by the Indians. Brought back to the fort, Elder Parker and the two women were paraded before the other captives, then Elder Parker was stripped, his body slashed and mutilated, and finally he was scalped in the presence of the horrified women and children. Then Grandmother Parker was stripped, stabbed and slashed, and left for dead. After some loud talking, Mrs. Kellogg was bound and made a captive.

Mrs. Sarah Nixon ran to the field and warned L. M. T. Plummer, who mounted a horse and sought the aid of some hardy neighbors: Bates, Lunn, Anglin and the Faulkenberrys. James Parker happened to meet his family; he hid them in the dense growth of the river bottoms about five miles from the fort. L. D. Nixon, though unarmed, succeeded in getting away from a lone Indian; he had almost reached the fort when he met Mrs. Lucy Parker, wife of Silas Parker, who was killed at the beginning of the engagement. With her four children, she was fleeing before a group of Indians, some afoot, and

HERE COMES TEXAS

some on horseback. They forced Mrs. Parker to lift her little son, John, and Cynthia Ann behind two mounted warriors. The mounted warriors rode away with the children, but Mrs. Parker, her two younger children and Mr. Nixon were driven back to the fort.

The Indians intended to kill Mr. Nixon. They started the same formula which had ended in the brutal murder of Elder Parker: pushing him and taunting him from one to another on the inside of a ring of braves. A shot rang out, and one of the leaders fell. No one in sight, but in a surprisingly short interval another shot dropped another man. Indians will not stand against a hidden enemy; the entire group scattered. But they skulked behind the nearest trees and rocks. It was David Faulkenberry; they soon found out that he was alone, but they did not lose respect for his marksmanship. When he attempted to escort Mrs. Parker and her children from the fort, the Indians made a rush as though they were going to make an attack, but when the unerring rifle dropped another Indian they fell back.

At the edge of the woods, some Indians on horseback made a charge. Here Mrs. Parker's faithful dog rushed out and seized the nose of an Indian's pony, holding on so viciously that the animal was thrown, and horse and rider turned a complete somersault into a ravine. This broke the effect of the charge, and while the Indians were coming around the long way, so as to avoid the open ground, there was a yell, a white man's yell. Faulkenberry was getting reinforcements. He celebrated by dropping a man off a pony. But that was the last shot. The new arrivals were Silas Bates, Abram Anglin, Evan Faulkner and L. M. T. Plummer. Mr. Plummer was unarmed, and it did not seem wise to attempt to return to the fort. They spent the night in the river bottoms, expecting to

be attacked, but sometimes risking the danger of letting a man climb a tree to see if he could see the smoke from the fort. They were sure that the Indians would set fire to it before they left.

The long night finally wore away, and when the men were reconnoitering around the edge of the clearing, they came upon Grandmother Parker, yet alive.

The aged woman had regained consciousness several hours after the fighting. Dragging herself around in the dark, she was able to find only a torn piece of a garment, but she continued to drag herself away—away to safety. The fort had been spared, but the menace of Indians remained; every move was made as though an Indian or a crowd of painted warriors might jump up to murder and torture. Without attempting to prepare a meal, they began the disheartening retreat to a protected settlement. Afoot, hungry, suffering from exposure and wounds, they were in a sorry plight when they were met by a relief party with food and horses for the women and children. They halted near Fort Sam Houston, some two miles west of Palestine, on land owned by John Reagan. During the remaining five-day journey, they were joined by sympathetic folks who showed them every kindness, in spite of the fact that they were just returning from San Jacinto—exhausted and impoverished, but happy and buoyant with the prospects of living in a free land.

When Cynthia Ann was carried off on a pony behind that warrior, it was the last real account that her friends had of her for twenty-five years. However, a story persists that some white men, who happened to be visiting the Comanches on one of the few occasions when they were friendly, noticed a blue-eyed girl about thirteen years old, and they even questioned her, calling her name; but she only shook her head in

HERE COMES TEXAS

a sort of bewilderment, and she would not talk. In a few years, all of the captives were redeemed or accounted for except Cynthia Ann and her brother John.

After several campaigns against the roving Indians by the United States dragoons under Major Earl Van Dorn had failed to draw the Indians into a real battle, Sul Ross with his Texas Rangers took the field. Employing not army tactics but Indian warfare, Sul Ross recruited 135 friendly Indians—Waco, Caddo, Toncahua, Tehuacana—and with his rangers, he attacked the Comanches at Pease River.

Peta Nocona, chief of the Comanches, was killed. His wife, though mounted on a small pony and carrying a baby, tried to escape from the rangers. Lieutenant Tom Kelliher pursued her. Since she was dressed much like a warrior, riding astride and carrying her baby in her arms, he did not think of a woman; he was about to shoot when she wheeled her pony and held up her baby.

A blue-eyed Indian! And she cried! The rangers knew that she was a white woman, for Indian women never cried. Wives of the officers at Camp Carter gave her every attention. She was brown as an Indian; she spoke only the Indian dialect; but she held her baby in her arms and cuddled it. Suspecting that she might be the long-lost Cynthia Ann, they sent for Isaac Parker, an uncle.

It was a matter of weeks before Parker met her at Camp Cooper, and then he met an Indian. In spite of her blue eyes, she seemed a full-blooded Indian. No recognition; she knew nothing about the English language; her stoical silence was broken by an outburst of grief when Parker pronounced an Indian word equivalent to "little brave" or "little boy"—she was thinking of her young sons whom she thought were killed in the fight.

Parker pronounced her name several times, but it awakened no signs of recognition. Then he changed the tone and called out as though he was calling a child, "Cynthia Ann." She promptly responded: "Me, me; Cynthia Ann, me!" A sensation. Men were spellbound; women cried, but Cynthia Ann did not get the idea. She did not know why the women kissed her and the men patted her arms. An Indian scout was brought in. Although he spoke the language of the Comanches and a little English, he had much trouble getting her to understand the situation. When everything was made clear to her, she wanted to go home with her uncle. With a complete outfit of new clothes, she was a good-looking woman in spite of her brown skin; and her baby, little "Prairie Flower," was the pet of the community.

One of the writers of that period describes Cynthia Ann Parker as "an unusually comely person, active, and clever in spinning and other household tasks." She was not with her uncle very long until she began to yearn for her tribe, the freedom of the plains and the pleasures that come to roving Indians. She even made attempts to run away. She stayed with her uncle, Isaac Parker, several years, and then went to live with her brother Silas in Van Zandt County.

Mrs. John Henry Brown and Mrs. N. C. Raymond took Cynthia Ann to Austin, and, as it happened, they attended the "secession convention." But the sight of this big group of white men sitting still and listening to one person talk recalled to this wild woman the war councils of the big chiefs. She became suspicious and excited. When everybody looked at her, she was convinced that they intended to put her to death or torture. In her efforts to get out of the room against the protest of her friends, she created such a commotion that the proceedings of the convention had to wait while Mr. John

HERE COMES TEXAS

Henry Brown explained to her that they were all her friends, that they would do her no harm, and that they all looked at her because they had heard so much about her and they wanted to be friendly. It was hard for her to understand white folks' methods of being friendly—when all eyes were staring at her. Finally she replied to Mr. Brown: "I know you. You are good. You say good. They look. The eyes. They burn. Ugh! They burn!"

By an act of the legislature of Texas January 1, 1861, Cynthia Ann Parker was granted a pension of \$100 a year. Her baby, Prairie Flower, died at the age of six years, and the mother became even more moody and silent. She never saw either of her boys again. She was docile, and in every way grateful for favors, but she could not understand white folks—and they could not understand her. She died in 1870, and was buried in the Foster graveyard in Henderson County.

After her death, one of her sons became Chief Quanah Parker, the recognized leader and chief of the Comanches. Quanah, a city in northern Texas between Childress and Vernon, is named after this Indian chief. He came into power at a time when his tribe was declining in numbers and influence, but he is described as an Indian of unusual ability. While not very tractable, Chief Quanah understood the value of parley and argumentation, and he had some respect for the opinions of other people—especially white people.

When it was first learned that there was a movement to transfer the body of Cynthia Ann Parker to the Indian reservation in Oklahoma, there was a storm of protest; men even threatened to protect the grave with guns. But the impassioned idea "that an Indian be allowed to bury his mother" awakened sympathetic resonance throughout the civilized world.

"My mother! She fed me. She held me. She loved me. She

carried me in her arms. Her boy. See me, she happy. I play, she happy. I cry, she sad. I laugh, her eyes shine. I sleepy, she roll my blanket; she pat me. I sick, she awake. I thirsty, she get water; She not tired, not deep-sleeping, not cross; her boy, he want, she get. Laugh with boy, cry with boy. Love boy, my mother. Love mother. Don't say Indian! Say boy. They took my mother away. They kept her. They would not let me see her. Now she dead. Her boy want to bury her. Sit by her mound. My people. Her people. Our people. We know one, all our people. Comanches had much land. Sunrise, sunset, broad grassland, buffalo, deer, wild horses. Now little land. No more Texas. Few Indians, little land. Lonesome. White brothers, boy bury mother. My mother. She mine. Me bury her. You keep her, she mine. Her dust, my dust. White brother, your mother, you bury. My mother, I boy. Her dust, I bury. I sit on her mound. Love mother. Boy plead. My mother."

After this plea was read at church by a missionary preacher, real opposition was withdrawn, and the white relatives finally gave their consent.

Chief Quanah Parker exhumed the body of his mother and reburied it on the Comanche reservation at Lawton, Oklahoma, in December, 1910. Her Comanche name was Preloch; this name, with "Cynthia Ann Parker," appears on a very fine monument which an Indian erected to his mother. In accordance with his request, Chief Quanah Parker was buried beside the mother he lost when he was a little boy.

Isaac Parker's farm was located in Tarrant County, a few miles east of Birdville. Here he brought Cynthia Ann. He assured her and her child, Prairie Flower, a home and comforts like his family. The Parker log house stood on its original site for about seventy-five years. The "Cynthia Ann Parker Cabin"

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became the pride of Birdville and the surrounding community; it was one of the few historical relics of North Texas. People came long distances to see it. The society of Daughters of the Republic of Texas made a pilgrimage to the cabin.

Amon G. Carter, of Fort Worth, purchased the house and had it carefully removed to his country estate, "Shady Oaks," on Lake Worth. Here it was rebuilt, log for log, just as it stood at Birdville. Each log or piece had been numbered when the building was razed, so that it could be replaced exactly as it had first been constructed.

Mrs. J. E. Taulman, who was living in Fort Worth a few years ago, is a great-great-granddaughter of Isaac Parker, Cynthia Ann's uncle.

Field Mass

Bishop C. E. Byrne, of Galveston, with a large group of officials, is planning a monster field mass by the Catholic church for the morning of San Jacinto Day at the Battlegrounds. More than 100 bishops and archbishops will take part, and the total attendance is expected to exceed 100,000. The bishop of San Francisco will deliver the sermon, and the Catholic hierarchy of America, together with all priests, nuns and laymen of the church, and the public in general, will be invited to attend.

Legends of Indian Hill

ALL RACES of mankind have a religious instinct implanted in them by nature. Considering his limitations in mental development, the religion of the American Indian is not so surprisingly different from that of early tribes of white men.

The "Great Spirit" was his God. Illustrious ancestors were regarded as ones especially favored by the "Great Spirit." By some tribes, the burial ground was regarded as a shrine, not to be desecrated by the foot of an enemy or even a member of the tribe who had lost caste or fallen into disgrace. Former burial grounds of some of the early tribes have been visited by younger generations one hundred years after the tribe had abandoned the region.

The history of Indian Hill is merged with legend and pure fiction. There is always a core of fact that forms the basis for worth-while fiction, and there is enough authenticated history about Indian Hill to invest it with a framework upon which the legends and fanciful tales are strung in such nice proportions that the locality becomes invested with a halo of delightful romance.

A lookout point from which the red men surveyed the surrounding country for an approaching foe, a signal tower upon which a fire was lighted to warn other camps to get ready for war, and a burial plot where great chiefs were laid to rest with all of the pomp and ceremony that the tribe could afford, Indian Hill links the past with the present. The red-headed woodpecker who drums on a dead limb of a linden tree serves but to remind us of a peculiar clause in the deed of transfer which the red chiefs signed when the territory was turned over to the white men.

The white men agreed to protect the "land of sky light,"

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to keep others away, not allow anyone to "dig or scrape the grass roots," to "make a house" or "lay a stone," to "put nothing in the path" and to permit "old men, squaws, papooses and young men (when unarmed, in a few numbers and offering hostages in token of friendliness) to walk up the path," to talk to the "Great Spirit and his friendly chiefs." All of this was to be solemnly kept "as long as the fire-head bird digs in the tree or the streak-rat sits up to talk." The white men have kept their part of the contract so well that the "streak-rat" (ground squirrel) maintains his home on the side of the hill and almost any time of the day one of these "picket-pins" can be seen as he "sits up to talk."

Moon-eye was such a great chief that none of the young men of the tribe were fit to wed his "beautiful" daughter, Watchta Falla. After many moons, she complained to her father that she was lonely, but the old chief gruffly told her to wait until they had a war so that some one of the young men might prove himself to be worthy. She waited long, but as there was no war, she began taking long rides on horseback. On such occasions, some of the braves would follow at some distance to see that no harm might befall her.

A certain brave, Fire Talk, was especially attentive to the young lady, and the others complained to the old chief. Moon-eye became very angry and ordered Fire Talk to leave the camp, to cross the river "once not twice" unless he was ready "for the spirits." A few days after this Watchta Falla rode out again. The braves who were watching her saw that she was crossing the river. They became excited and rushed back to the camp to give the alarm.

When Fire Talk and Watchta Falla went up the hill to see what had become of the braves, they saw the confusion in the camp, and, to their dismay, they saw great numbers of an

enemy tribe, some crossing the river but many of them hiding in the thick brush at the foot of the hill. True to his tribe and to his name, Fire Talk lit the signal fires, even using Watchta Falla's bright shawl for the third fire, since a three-pointed fire denoted extreme danger. While there was nothing that could save the lovers after they had exposed themselves on the hill, fiery old Moon-eye and his braves soon set upon the enemy with such violence that they were driven from the place, and a great fire was kindled on Indian Hill to celebrate the victory. The lovers were buried in one grave somewhere on the hill, and the hill was to be known ever after as "Watchta Fire."

In a few years, some members of Moon-eye's tribe settled at the foot of the hill. The great camp was almost deserted, and the tribe became known as the "water people," because they lived along the river. One season was very dry. "No grass for the ponies, no deer on the prairie, even the water in the river was green and slimy and full of turtles." There was no grain for the winter, no meat to dry, and the tribe could not travel, for most of the ponies were dead, and even those that remained were so poor that they could scarcely carry themselves, let alone the "old men and the papooses." On one of the cold days, when many of the tribe were about starved to death, one of the old men suggested that they light the signal fires. "Some help might come; the Great Spirit might send a storm of fat birds." Few of them thought that any help could come from lighting the signal fires; but since no one had anything better to offer, the signal fires were lighted.

At early twilight, the fires burned up high, chants were offered to the beating of slow drums; even some of the younger braves went through the motions of an imploring dance. The evening wore slowly away, and finally the people laid down in

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their hunger and misery, not to rest but to think less of their condition.

There was a rumbling in the west; no cloud, but there was thundering on the earth, and the earth trembled. The braves seized their weapons. Was the famished group to be attacked by an enemy? The thunder increased; they could hear timbers crashing; brush was being pushed apart and trodden under hoofs. The buffalo! It was a stampede! They crowded the path to the point of the hill; they pushed one another off. But the hunters were already at work; every man was a killer of meat. For hours the slaughter continued. Famished men would drink the blood of the dying animals to give them strength to kill more.

Then the fires were renewed on the hill, and a feast followed. The man who had suggested "a flock of fat birds" became a seer of supernatural powers; he was adopted into the chief's family. One of the first acts of "Big Medicine" was to rename the hill "Feast of Fire." But "Big Medicine" only lived a short time. He was buried under the hill. Some place about the hill, old Chief Moon-eye is supposed to be buried with the twenty picked warriors who were killed with him in a battle.

In later times, we hear of "Big Medicine Hill" as a sort of resort for fortune-tellers, sorcerers and Indian doctors who were in the habit of treating all kinds of diseases by some kind of an appeal to the "Great Spirit." These miracle-workers would spend much time on Indian Hill "conversing with the spirits" and getting messages from "Big Medicine." All of these messages would be given for a price. The business became so good that there were more of these "Big Medicine Hill" workers than the tribe could support. There came a time when all of the miracle-workers were sent out of the camp, "sent to Big

Medicine Hill," and for a time, whenever an individual was expelled from the camp, he was said to be "sent to Big Medicine Hill."

The early white settlers told of seeing Indians skulking about the hill, chanting, making queer gestures or even lighting little fires. One old squaw who happened to get sick while on her pilgrimage to the hill was taken care of by a white family; she was very grateful for the kind treatment. While she seemed to be a very ignorant woman, she was able to quote almost word for word the part of the treaty that recognized the right of "old men, squaws, papooses, etc., " to visit the hill. She was not a fortune-teller. Her mission was entirely peaceful, but the result of some sort of a superstition, a promise to tell the spirits something.

Many years later, we have the story of the "white owl's wailing." Just before an epidemic of smallpox, this white owl was heard to wail a warning that the people must quit drinking whisky, gambling and stealing horses, and that they must attend church, save their money and help the poor. Every night, this mournful bird would perch on a big tree near the top of the hill and send forth his wailing admonitions. Whatever can be said about traditions and superstitions being contagious, there is little doubt that some people really believed in the "white owl." The epidemic arrived, and the scourge of the disease was terrible. Doctors were scarce, and the means of taking care of patients were so meager that the best doctor could accomplish little. In some instances, there were not enough well persons to care for the sick. Whole families died, and there was difficulty in burying the dead.

Under such circumstances, a reference to the "wailing owl" would cause sober thought. As the winter passed, the disease subsided; but since most people had lost friends and loved ones,

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their minds were serious; they were in the mental attitude for religious teaching. The owl wailed himself to death, but a bob-o-link took his place. The bob-o-link had two helpers, an oriole in the tree and a loon on the river.

Two covered wagons arrived in the community with men and women who preached and prayed and sang religious songs. They were highly emotional; they would work themselves into a frenzy, fall down on the floor and shout so that they could be heard for long distances. When they began their meetings, people gathered from all around, and there was a great revival. As the meetings continued and more people were converted, references to the "great white owl" became more frequent. During the testimonial meetings, it became evident that many of the people had heard and knowingly disregarded the messages from the feathered messenger. This naturally led up to the messages from the bob-o-link and the loon.

Somewhat it seems that there is something of a parallel between the mental attitude and the mental workings of the red men and their white brothers.

Mounds of earth, well sodded and covered over with grass, are among the most enduring works of man. Indian Hill has changed little in two hundred years. As it was when old Chief Moon-eye called his braves together for a council and when Watchta Falla clandestinely met her lover, or on the dark night when the "Great Spirit" spoke so harshly through the clouds to his people, so stands the hill today, a monument to a departed race. We can well afford to ponder its significance. The red-headed woodpecker is much the same; he works the same way; he is guided by instinct. Our guide must be either instinct, faith, intelligence or reason.

Founders of Houston

HOUSTON, the empire city of the Southwest, was founded by J. K. Allen and A. C. Allen, August 30, 1836. Strangely intriguing are the fairy footsteps of the things that just happen. Left alone, events move directly towards a climax; but little notions, trivial hindrances, may change the whole trend.

Harrisburg was a thriving community; it had been established several years, and that location was supposed to be the head of navigation of Buffalo Bayou. The Allen brothers had been bargaining with the Harrises for some land near Harrisburg, but they could not agree on the price. There was no quarrel; it was just a business deal in which there was a difference of opinion. But the Allens went five miles up the bayou and bought a tract of land.

While it was only five miles from Harrisburg across to the site of Houston, following the meandering bayou it was sixteen miles. The Allens were men of vision and initiative. When the site was a wilderness where tangled vines stretched across deep gullies, before there was any road or a respectable path to the mud bank where the boats were supposed to land, and even before the bayou was cleared of snags and fallen trees so that any kind of a boat could be brought up from Harrisburg, they launched an advertising campaign that included a prospectus and display advertisements in the *Telegraph*, Columbus, Texas, which was supplemented by an unusual postscript: "The *Commercial Bulletin* of New Orleans, *Mobile Advertiser*, the *Globe* of Washington, *Morning Courier* and *New York Inquirer*, *New York Herald* and *Louisville Public Advertiser* are requested to make three insertions of this advertisement and forward their bills to this office for payment."

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The Allen brothers were playing for big stakes—nothing less than the capital of the republic of Texas. Confidence, better than confidence, they had a “hunch” that if a few people could be interested, the magic of the name “Houston” would carry the proposition through. With a salesmanship talk that remains a classic even among the modern spellbinders, they extolled the natural advantages, climatic, geographical and commercial; then they became eloquent in prophesying; they expected wonders of this infant city hidden in a jungle; they used imagination. But they could not see one hundred years ahead. Every item has been checked off; what they predicted has come to pass—and much more. They did not tell it big enough. In the light of present-day facts, they were quite conservative. One critic has tried to make an exception for the “quarries of stone”; but why not check off the portland cement plant against that item?

Success is a snowball rolling downhill and gathering as it rolls. When congress met, the next October, there were fifteen rival aspirants for the honor of becoming the capital city; they were Washington-on-the-Brazos, Matagorda, Velasco, Brazoria, Orizimbo, San Patricio, Nacogdoches, Fort Bend, Refugio, Columbia, Hidalgo, Quintana, Bexar, Groce’s Retreat, and Goliad. On the first ballot, “Houston on Buffalo Bayou” had the largest number of votes, eleven, and it was chosen on the fourth ballot. Houston became the capital of Texas before there was much progress towards building the city.

The First Congress appropriated \$15,000, and the first capitol building was constructed on Main and Texas, the present site of the Rice Hotel; it was a two-story frame building. Here the congress of the republic met and enacted the first important laws: providing for the issue of currency, levying taxes, establishing free schools and trading with other countries. Foreign

governments sent their representatives to the republic of Texas, and they were received by Presidnt Houston and his staff in this capitol building.

The ninety-ninth birthday celebration was an event of special interest. City streets and buildings were draped with flags. The Young Men's Division of the Chamber of Commerce, headed by C. A. Pickett, was in charge of the ceremonies, and Jeff Barnette was chairman. Amid simple, solemn ceremonies, a wreath of flowers was laid on the grave of J. K. Allen. The descendants of the Allens who were gathered at the grave included Dr. O. F. Allen and his son, C. H. Allen, of Galveston; T. B. Converse of Houston, grandson of J. K. Allen; J. K. Allen III, his wife and two daughters, Miss Myrteel Allen and Mrs. Don Howard, all of Goose Creek.

These guests were honored at the dinner party, where a ninety-nine-pound cake with ninety-nine candles was cut. Seated at the head table were the following: Jeff Barnette, toastmaster; J. K. Allen III; Dr. O. F. Allen; Judge A. E. Amerman; Hon. John T. Brown, oldest living mayor; Rev. Thomas N. Carruthers; Thomas P. Converse, grandson of A. C. Allen; George W. Cottingham, editor of the *Chronicle*; Hon. J. S. Cullinan, former president of the Chamber of Commerce; Colonel Richard Donovan, commanding officer of Fort Crockett; W. Everett Dupuy; J. W. Evans; R. B. Gilmore, former president of the Chamber of Commerce; Hon. George A. Hill, Jr., speaker of the day; C. S. E. Holland, former president of the Chamber of Commerce; L. W. Kemp, historian; Mrs. I. B. McFarland, president of Harris County Historical Society; Mrs. Penelope Lingan, painter of a Sam Houston portrait; Michael Mellinger; Judge Walter E. Monteith, ex-mayor of Houston; Robert B. Morris, president of the Sons of the Republic of Texas; W. C. Munn and D. D. Peden, former presidents of the

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Chamber of Commerce; Walter Pierson, mayor pro tem; Ed M. Pooley, managing editor of the *Houston Press*; Mrs. Earl R. Ramsey, president of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas; Mrs. W. B. Sharpe, of the Texas Centennial Commission; Hon. E. D. Shepherd, president of the Houston school board; H. C. Schumacher, ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce; and County Judge W. H. Ward.

Hon. George A. Hill, Jr., gave a careful account of the stirring events in the early history of Houston, and he predicted a new era of expansion and development. He challenged Houston to prepare for the Texas Centennial. "We who bear the impress of the image of our forefathers' city, fashioned throughout its century of adolescence, should affectionately cherish and boldly preserve it, in the years of its maturity, the civic virtues wrought from its historic and honorable past.

"As we approach the year of the Texas Centennial, we should studiously prepare for, and reverently celebrate, upon each significant date, throughout the ensuing year, these notable occurrences and events that had then, and now have, a real significance in the establishment of our free and independent republic and our glorious and historic city.

"It is the time at which the patriotic men and women of the city who love and cherish the republic, the state and the city, and their respective histories and traditions, should seriously dedicate themselves to solemn and becoming celebrations in order that the lessons that are the creation of these times may be revived, reviewed and re-enacted, in this day, for the guidance and the benefit of our entire citizenship and of those who may come as visitors in our midst."

San Jacinto

San Jacinto Day (April 21) is a legal holiday in Texas. Every city, town or hamlet has some kind of a celebration; not only parades, marching and pageantry, but public entertainments, call out great crowds to hear the leading orators at their best and the most talented musicians under the spell of a great occasion.

SAN JACINTO! The site of the great victory, the ground where the battle was fought, the sloping prairie across which the Texans dashed, and the rising ground about the clump of trees where they met superior numbers, and conquered them—this is the shrine that kindles the pride and patriotism of a grateful people.

The battle of San Jacinto was the climax of the Texas revolution that won independence and changed the map of America. It was a glorious climax to a disheartening period of doubt, discouragement, oppression and suffering. It lasted but twenty minutes, yet it attained the dignity of a decisive battle of the world's history.

A warning against tyranny, a proof that free people will accept death rather than slavery, can be read in the events that led up to this strange battle in which 783 men, ill equipped and badly organized, left a protected camp and rushed across an open field to attack a well-organized army of twice their number that was posted behind breastworks and among trees.

Six weeks before, the dictator's army, 3000 strong, had stormed the Alamo; Travis, Crockett, Bowie, Bonham and their 178 comrades embraced martyrdom for liberty in the Alamo at San Antonio. Only four weeks before, the surrendered army of Colonel Fannin had been marched out and shot down under direct orders from Santa Anna.

General Houston's position was most trying. Gain time, he

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must; but there were dissensions. His men wanted to fight, but they were unprepared. He was trying to organize his army, and he retired repeatedly before the superior forces of the Mexican army. People were leaving the country. The "runaway scrape" had broken down the morale. Supplies were not to be had, and even some of the soldiers were leaving the army. In spite of the incessant grumbling of his officers and men, Houston held his army at Groce's Ferry on the Brazos until April 16. He received two cannon contributed by sympathetic citizens of Cincinnati, Ohio. These were the only cannon that his army ever possessed; they were six-pounders, and the Texans affectionately christened them the "Twin Sisters."

It is said that mutiny was often threatened, and that Houston's orders to march served to check grumbling and dissension. Harrisburg was reached April 18. Santa Anna had burned this town a few days before, and while they were looking over the ruins, Deaf Smith, the famous Texan scout, brought in a Mexican courier.

From the papers carried by the courier, Houston got some of Santa Anna's plans. Acting promptly, Houston left his baggage behind and, with provisions for three days, started after Santa Anna. Wearied from forced marches, the army halted April 20 for breakfast. Beesves were brought in and preparations were being made for breakfast, when scouts reported that Santa Anna's outposts had been sighted. Orders were given to march immediately, and when they came to Lynchburg they fell back to the oak grove on Buffalo Bayou.

After a hasty breakfast and a brief rest, Houston called the first council of war of the campaign. The officers were in accord in one thing: they wanted to be attacked in their strong position. But there were no indications that the Mexican army might make such an attack. Some of them favored a night

attack, but since the army had been on the march constantly for two days, Houston decided against the night attack and began to make plans for an engagement the next day.

On the morning of the 21st, General Cos came to the Mexican camp with 400 men. The Texans were ready, with relays resting on their arms, but there was no stir in the Mexican camp—nothing to indicate that they were preparing to attack.

At 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the suspense was broken by the order, "Parade your troops." Deaf Smith arrived, waving an ax and declaring that he had "cut Vince's bridge." It was to be another shambles; they could expect no quarter; General Houston and his officers all must die on the field if they cannot win the battle. The Texans rushed out of the woods and kept a ragged line, sometimes only one deep, as they crossed the open prairie. General Houston rode at the front of his army, and when his horse was shot down he was quickly mounted on another horse and in his place. The Twin Sisters were soon brought to place, and with the cry, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" the Texans were pushing through the breastworks.

Santa Anna and his staff were asleep when the attack began. The officers were surprised and bewildered by the boldness of an attack in such a position and at that time of day; and many of the soldiers were simply unnerved by the fury of the yelling demons who were killing men just as fast as they could get to them. The officers could not rally the panic-stricken men; they were shot down or clubbed to death with muskets.

The Alamo and Goliad were avenged. Six hundred Mexicans lay dead and two hundred were wounded. Trembling soldiers would stand with their hands held high and wail: "Me no Alamo! Me no Goliad!"

The loss to the Texan army was officially given as two

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killed and twenty-three wounded, but eight of these were mortally wounded. General Houston was one of the wounded. He was shot in the ankle; it seemed slight at first, but it made him much trouble and it never was entirely right.

Until after dark, and all of the next day, the work of rounding up the fugitives of the Mexican army continued. They scattered over the prairie; they hid in the grass; but they offered no resistance when they were found. Santa Anna had fled early in the fight, but finding the bridge cut, he abandoned his horse. The next day he was brought to the Texan camp and presented to General Houston. Under a big tree, General Houston was lying on a blanket, having his wound dressed, when a group of Texans brought the dictator of Mexico as a prisoner.

This scene is without parallel in modern history. Sam Houston was the first general since Marc Antony to capture both the head of a government and the chief of the army with a single stroke.

San Jacinto battleground is now a state memorial park. Under the direction of a caretaker, it is open to visitors in the daytime, but it is not a picnic or amusement park. The Daughters of the Republic of Texas are responsible for carefully placed markers which show the exact position of the different divisions during the engagement. Most all of the statewide patriotic organizations have found some means of contributing a service to this shrine of Texas liberty.

Each year, San Jacinto Day furnishes an occasion for a program of music, oratory, pageantry and military drills. The program for April 21, 1935, follows:

10 a. m.: Arrival of First Houston Band and R. O. T. C. units of the Houston public schools; parade through grounds, directed by: music, Victor Alessandro; drill, Major George D. Bronson and staff; songs, Rollo L. Rilling.

10:15: Flag to half mast (dip); salute by school band; taps; to the colors.

10:40: Group sing, "The Eyes of Texas."

10:45: Descriptive talk on the battle of San Jacinto, by Colonel A. J. Houston.

11:00: Address, Major Stiles M. Decker.

11:10: Group sing, "America."

11:15: Special drill, R. O. T. C. units.

11:45: "Stars and Stripes," school band.

11:50: Awarding of prizes; essay on Hy W. Karnes, by C. A. Pickett, chairman Junior Chamber of Commerce.

12:00: Basket lunch. Band concert.

2:30: Call to order by C. E. Gilbert, president San Jacinto Chapter No. 1, Sons of the Republic of Texas; invocation, Rev. J. H. H. Ellis, chaplain; group sing, "Beautiful Texas"; cavalry charge, school band; introduction of the president, Sons of the Republic of Texas, Robert B. Morris; introduction of the president, San Jacinto Chapter, Daughters of the Republic of Texas, Mrs. Earl R. Ramsey; "Come to the Bower," massed school band; recognition of sons and daughters of the soldiers of San Jacinto who may be present; group sing, "Dixie"; address, Hon. Wilmer B. Hunt; "Star-Spangled Banner," massed school band.

4:00: Dedication by Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas of memorial to the pioneer Masons who fought at the battle of San Jacinto.

4:30: Organized children's play under the direction of Miss Corinne Fonde and her staff of the Houston recreation department.

An outstanding event of this day's celebration was the address by Colonel Andrew Jackson Houston, the only surviving son of General Sam Houston. He was graphic in describing the victorious attack of his father's tattered Texas forces upon

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the army of the Mexican dictator, pointing to the exact places where, ninety-nine years ago, the battle raged. "Down that slope the Texas cavalry charged, throwing the Mexican cavalry back upon the center of the line."

An appropriate memorial building has now been provided for. In the allocation of the funds provided by the state and by the federal government, differences of opinion could be expected, but the general committee set aside \$250,000 for San Jacinto, and even when another \$3,000,000 was available, some members thought the \$250,000 sufficient. Then it was that Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, appeared before the Texas Centennial Commission with a plea that some of this money should be spent at San Jacinto, the Alamo and Goliad. His plea was so frank, timely and fraught with the persisting Texas spirit that the entire address is quoted as given by the newspapers:

"Gentlemen: I come to you to discuss briefly the Texas Centennial and the manner in which the money appropriated by the Congress of the United States for this purpose is to be used.

"The occasion we are to commemorate is the independence of Texas, brought about one hundred years ago when Texas was a wilderness, by the battle of San Jacinto, where less than one thousand young, ragged, hungry Americans, led by General Sam Houston of Virginia and Tennessee, defeated the well-equipped Mexican army of three times as many men.

"The Mexican army was led by the president and chief officer of Mexico, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. No more heroic or significant event has transpired in the history of our country, or the world, than the battle of San Jacinto.

"And there is no greater character in American history than General Sam Houston. Literally burning the bridges after cross-

ing Buffalo Bayou to meet the Mexican army, making retreat impossible, General Sam Houston led his men to their death, or to the freedom of one-third of the territory of the United States. If there is a parallel in our history to this daring and heroic feat, I do not know it.

"The battle cry at San Jacinto was 'Remember the Alamo!' And what was the Alamo? A slaughter from which none survived. 'Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none.' Travis, Bowie, Bonham, Crockett, and many other brave souls took their last stand for freedom at the Alamo. They were greatly outnumbered, but would not surrender. They were killed to the last man. There is no parallel to this immortal occasion.

"Again, the brave Fannin at Goliad, when he and his four hundred American volunteers of the same kilt and character surrendered under a flag of truce to this same General Santa Anna, who was ruthlessly carrying murder wherever he went. And what happened to Fannin and his four hundred men at Goliad? They were shot—murdered—by the highest officer of Mexico—every man of them, save perhaps one who may have escaped. My recollection is not accurate as to this.

"These are the occasions, gentlemen, that we are to commemorate. And how shall we commemorate them? By suitable monuments and markings and memorials at these sacred places? Or shall it be by a little bigger show? a little more carnival? something that will die with the passing of the exposition? another building to be torn down? another department added? more money spent to have a big time?—none of which will have any serious or direct connection with the sacred events we are to memorialize?

"The state of Texas has appropriated three million dollars, a large part of which is given to the fair corporation to hold

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this show. The city of Dallas has given more still. These sums, together with the facilities of the Texas State Fair Association, worth many more millions, are all available for whatever show and exposition we need or should want. A few more dollars spent in this manner will be only that much more to make the show a little bigger, but to get which we must rob the very heart and purpose of the Centennial.

"And why am I making this plea to you? Because through a very laudable chamber of commerce attitude on the part of the fair corporation they say: 'Give us two million of the three million that the United States government has generously appropriated to commemorate this great occasion. We can build another building with it, one that can be used or salvaged in part when the show is over,' etc., etc.

"The speaker for the fair corporation made the statement Friday before your commission in this room that Texas had appropriated two hundred and fifty thousand for the commemoration of the battle of San Jacinto, and that this paid Texas' debt to San Jacinto.

"This I deny. Texas' debt to San Jacinto cannot be paid.

"This chamber of commerce spirit, this desire to have a bigger show, would allow a few thousand dollars for San Jacinto and Goliad and the Alamo, to be used at these places as the state and national authorities direct.

"I come to you, gentlemen, as one who loves Texas; as one who loves the memory of every man who died at the Alamo, at San Jacinto and Goliad; and as one who has given a large part of his time for the past several years to the Centennial movement.

"I claim no more patriotism than those other gentlemen, but I do claim to have given the Centennial more time and more thought than those now employed in holding the fair.

"My first speech on the Centennial, made in 1928 at Fort Worth, suggested that the exposition part of the Centennial be held in the vicinity of Dallas and Fort Worth; that appropriate monuments and markings be placed at the points made sacred by the sacrifices of those who blazed the trail that made possible the paradise that this generation is enjoying.

"Again, I said in effect at Dallas on New Year's Day this year that, while my home was in Houston and I would naturally like to see the Centennial held there, I felt that the vicinity of Dallas was perhaps the appropriate place for the exposition.

"I have not had a selfish thought about the Centennial, and when I felt that I could no longer continue as director general of the Centennial committee, I withdrew my nomination and nominated a Dallas citizen for the position—the Hon. Cullen F. Thomas.

"When Mr. Thomas came to Washington to see about getting an appropriation from the United States government, one million dollars was contemplated. I urged upon him, our United States Senators and some of our Congressmen that we should have at least five million, and under no circumstances less than three million.

"I did not have in mind that the greater part of this money was to be spent in holding the exposition part of the Centennial. I did have in mind appropriate treatment of our historic shrines.

"To me it will be little less than sacrilege to spend this money for strictly exposition or commercial purposes, desirable as they are, throwing a crumb or a white chip to the blood-stained shrines that made Texas great—San Jacinto, the Alamo, and Goliad. And it ill becomes the fair corporation to want to do this.

"They can have a big enough show, a big enough celebra-

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tion, a big enough exposition, demonstrate the progress of agriculture, industry, and commerce during those one hundred years, with the millions of money already appropriated by Texas and Dallas, and by the gate receipts, which should be even greater.

"So I appeal to you, gentlemen—to your sense of patriotism—to allow two million, or a large part of the money authorized by the Congress of the United States, to be used principally at San Jacinto, the Alamo, and at Goliad, to be appropriately apportioned to the places and occasions that are to be memorialized.

"And to this end, I ask the consideration and cooperation of the fair corporation and its officers and directors, and of the commission you have set up under the law, to administer the sacred fund appropriated by the Congress of the United States."

"Rather than be driven out of this country, or submit to be a slave, I will leave my bones to bleach on the plains of Texas."

—G. A. Giddings, April 10, 1836.

This letter is taken from the *Houston Chronicle*, April 21, 1935. The editor's note follows:

In these days when professional calamity howlers are viewing everything with alarm and predicting that the country is going to the dogs at a speedy clip, it is refreshing to look back on Texas history and get a glimpse of the elemental courage and faith of those hardy pioneers.

The following letter was written by G. A. Giddings on April 10, 1836, to his parents. It was penned a few days before the battle of San Jacinto. He was a brother of the late D. C. Giddings of Brenham. A copy of the letter was received by Dr. R. W. Noble of Temple from Ernest Brown of San Antonio. G. A. Giddings was a brother of Mr. Brown's grandfather.

The writer lost his life at the battle of San Jacinto. The

letter, which follows, was G. A. Giddings' last to his parents:

Texas, Four Miles from Headquarters,
April 10, 1836.

Dear Parents:

Since I last wrote you, I have been engaged in arranging an expedition against the Indians, who have committed many depredations against the frontier. On my return to the settlements, I learned that our country was again invaded by a merciless horde of Mexicans, who were waging war of extermination against the inhabitants. A call was made for all friends of humanity to rise in arms and resist the foe. Men were panic-stricken and fled, leaving their all behind them.

I could not reconcile it to my feelings to leave Texas without an effort to save it. Accordingly, I bent my course to the army and arrived last evening at this place. I shall enter camp this morning as a volunteer. The army, commanded by General Houston, is lying on the west side of the Brazos, twenty miles from San Felipe. The enemy is in that place waiting an attack. It is reported Houston will attack them in the morning. What will be the result, or the fate of Texas, is hid in the bowels of futurity. Yet, I think we are engaged in the cause of justice, and hope the god of battles will protect us.

The enemy's course has been the most bloody that has ever been recorded on the page of history. Our garrison at San Antonio was taken and massacred; so another detachment of 700, commanded by Colonel Fannin and posted at La Bahia, after surrendering prisoners of war, were led out and shot down like beasts.

Only one escaped to tell of their melancholy fate. In their course they show no quarter to age, sex or condition—all are massacred without mercy. If such conduct is not sufficient to

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arouse the patriotic feelings of the sons of liberty, I know not what will. I was born in a land of freedom and taught to lisp the name of liberty with my infant tongue, and rather than be driven out of the country or submit to be a slave, I will leave my bones to bleach on the plains of Texas.

If we succeed in subduing the enemy and establishing a free and independent government, we shall have the finest country the sun ever shone upon; and if we fail, we shall have the satisfaction of dying fighting for the rights of men. I know not that I shall have the opportunity of writing to you in some time, but shall do so as often as convenient. Be not alarmed about my safety. I am no better, and my life is no dearer, than those who gained the liberty you enjoy. If I fall, you will have the satisfaction that your son died fighting for the rights of men. Our strength in the field is about 1500. The enemy is reported 4000 strong. A fearful odds, you will say. But what can mercenary hirelings do against the sons of liberty?

Before this reaches you, the fate of Texas will be known. I will endeavor to acquaint you as soon as possible. I am well and in good spirits and as unconcerned as if going to a raising. The same Being who has hitherto protected my life can with equal ease ward off the balls of the enemy. My company is waiting, and I must draw to a close, and bid you farewell, perhaps forever. More than a year has elapsed since I saw you; yet the thought of friends and home are fresh in my memory, and their remembrance yet lives in my affections and will (be) a secret joy to my heart till it shall cease to beat. Long has it been since I heard from you.

How often do I think of home and wish to be there! The thought of that sacred spot haunts my night watches. How often, when sleep has taken possession of my faculties, am I transported there, and for a short time enjoy all the pleasures

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of home; but the delusion is soon over, and the morning returns and I find my situation the same. Dear friends, if I see you no more, remember Giles still loves you. Give my love to my sisters, brothers, friends and neighbors.

I would write more if time would permit, but its fleeting steps wait for none.

You need not write to me, as I do not know where I shall be. With sentiments of sincere respect, I bid you farewell.

Your affectionate son,

G. A. GIDDINGS.

(Mr. Giddings was wounded in the engagement he mentions (the battle of San Jacinto) and died of his wounds the following day.)

TYLER ROSE FESTIVAL

John W. Miller, president of the East Texas Rose Festival Association, announced the date October 4, for the 1935 celebration. Festivities opened with a parade of seventy decorated floats at 11 a. m. Miss Margaret Hunt was crowned "Queen of the East Texas Rose Festival," and she inaugurated a series of colorful social events. Fifty thousand people attended these exercises.

The Alamo

THE HEROES of the Alamo are deathless. The war-scarred old stone building is a monument, a shrine to the memory of American Texans whose bravery attained the sublime. All dead within one hour, they set a price on liberty. Their courage, as transcendent as their love of liberty, won them a place among the immortal heroes that become beacon lights in the world's progress towards higher ideals. With courageous devotion, unselfishness, the sacrifice of patriotism, these bold patriots calmly offered their lives in a cause they believed to be right.

The Alamo, a walled mission, was established by Franciscan monks in the first part of the eighteenth century. Within the walls were included several acres of ground. There were several buildings; the chapel is the old gray building which stands in the center of a modern city, surrounded by immense brick and steel structures of the latest pattern. When it was established, there was plenty of room. The winding river was not crowded by houses, and the Presidio of San Antonio de Bexar, on the other side of the river, seemed to have plenty of room for expansion, in three directions, and the space seemed unlimited. At that time, the district was in the Spanish province of Tejas.

As the result of a revolution, Mexico won independence from Spain. When General Santa Anna became dictator, he refused to allow Texas to become a sovereign state of Mexico. This Mexican province was settled by people from the United States. These Americans were predominant in all local affairs. Even in localities where Mexicans and foreigners outnumbered them, these aggressive "men from the States" were the recognized leaders. They resisted oppressive laws, and especially the arrogant attitude of some of the petty officials. As the friction

continued, they took matters in their own hands and simply expelled the Mexican army from San Antonio to below the Rio Grande.

Dissensions, both political and military, were so persistent that the fatuous belief prevailed that Santa Anna could not retaliate. Few people expected a substantial drive against the Texans when it seemed that the dictator was having so much trouble at his own capital. This erroneous belief was responsible for sending away so many men that the garrison of San Antonio was reduced to 150—and this proved fatal. William Barrett Travis and James Bowie were in command when 1000 Mexican troops arrived.

The Texans could have escaped, but they would have to leave their cannon and ammunition. They decided to remain. Davy Crockett of Tennessee was with them. The mighty Bowie was helplessly ill. Colonel Travis was in command—a young man of twenty-seven. This red-haired South Carolina cavalier held on with desperate determination. His call for help becomes a classic: "We have sustained a continuous bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily. I shall never surrender or retreat. Victory or death." Thirty-two men from Gonzales responded to this appeal, and James Butler Bonham returned—alone. He had gone out to summon help, and when his promised reinforcements did not arrive, he made good his promise, "I will be back." In spite of the harsh condition, the arrival of this sturdy man brought cheers from the sorely pressed soldiers. This is the origin of the phrase, which becomes a byword: "Here comes old Bonham—alone."

March 6, 1836, after a twelve-day siege, 181 men defended

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the Alamo. Santa Anna arrived with reinforcements for the besiegers; he assumed personal command of an army of more than 3000. At daybreak the assault began, with Mexican bugles sounding the deguelo (no quarter). The charge from all directions was overwhelming; the walls were breached, and scaling ladders were set. Rushing over their fallen companions, the Mexican hordes swarmed the Alamo, and the defenders perished to the last man. But each man sold his life at the highest price. Beside the cot of Bowie (although prostrate, he had been provided with loaded muskets and his terrible knife) there remained an eloquent heap of enemies. Old Davy Crockett made his last stand with a broken gun in a circle of dead enemies. The dictator commanded a big bonfire be made. Wood was brought, and the funeral pyre of the Texan patriots was built in the plaza.

Seven weeks later, at San Jacinto, Sam Houston captured Santa Anna and the remnants of his army. The dictator of Mexico was a prisoner, and Texas became a republic. The heroic sacrifice of Travis and his comrades at the Alamo was not in vain; Houston's exhortation, "Remember the Alamo!" stirred hot blood; the ruthless slaughter of their countrymen aroused the Texans for that irresistible charge against superior numbers.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE THE TEXAS CENTENNIAL

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The Fiesta San Jacinto

C OMMEMORATING the battle of San Jacinto, when Santa Anna's army was destroyed by Sam Houston and his Texans in 1836, a great patriotic and civic celebration takes place in San Antonio each year during the week which contains the anniversary date—April 21. It is known as the Fiesta de San Jacinto.

This observance, progressively increased in length and attractiveness as the years have passed, was initiated in 1891, when Benjamin Harrison, then president of the United States, visited San Antonio on San Jacinto Day, and the citizens at a mass meeting had voted to honor his presence with a program—possibly because of the city's fiesta-loving Spanish traditions and its wealth of floral display at that season—which should be “after the manner of the flower carnival of Nice and Cannes.” Its principal feature was a parade of decorated carriages, culminating before the Alamo with a flower battle, in which more than 150 leading women participated.

The celebration became an annual event. In 1896 the national government recognized it with a salute of twenty-one guns. A young woman of social prominence was chosen queen and crowned at a “liberty ball.” Later there was organized a masculine society called the Order of the Alamo, which still functions, selecting each year a queen and court (this charming debutante, nobility including representatives from other Texas cities), and conducting, on Thursday night of fiesta week, a resplendent coronation. On the following afternoon a great outdoor spectacle is the Battle of Flowers parade, invariably, of late years, so long as to be more than an hour in passing. In this column are detachment from the army, patriotic, civic and fraternal organizations, the schools, with scores of decorated

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cars and tableau floats, many of them historical. As the final division, on the most beautiful of the floats and wearing their gorgeous coronation gowns, appear the duchesses, princess and queen, with their maids of honor. The route of march ends at the Alamo, where the paraders are reviewed by distinguished civilians and the ranking major general with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, the city's largest army post. A king of the fiesta, escorted by his uniformed and mounted cavaliers, enters the city on Monday and ceremoniously is presented the keys to the municipality, which gives him the authority to rule in the spirit of gladness.

The identities of both king and queen are jealously guarded until the moments of their official appearance. Other picturesque events include the pilgrimage to the Alamo, a pioneer ball, military, ground and aerial reviews, athletic events, and an industrial parade. A fete is given, in which hundreds of colorfully costumed and well-trained children dance. Elaborate social events are numerous, and daily and nightly there is general public entertainment. Streets, plazas and buildings are bright with flags and bunting and brilliant lights. All the city is in carnival dress and spirits. And throughout the week San Antonio ~~is~~ host to thousands of welcome and happy visitors from outside its gates.

Officers of the Fiesta San Jacinto Association are: Ralph H. Durkee, president; L. E. Fite, past president; P. G. Lucas, first vice-president; Paul Steffler, second vice-president; M. Riley Wyatt, third vice-president; Jack Raybould, secretary-manager; E. E. Hillje, treasurer; Claude Aniol, director.

With two boards, forty-one active and forty-two advisory, the directors have general charge of the affair, but there is a special committee for the "pilgrimage to the Alamo."

The folder bearing the invitation for the 1935 "pilgrimage"

Fiesta de San Jacinto

was most elaborate. Gold and jet, 12 by 15 inches, ten pages, it contained two gold etchings, a full-page art sketch in colors of the Alamo, and artistic printing. For the pilgrimage, it says:

"Annually, on a day in late April, the citizens of San Antonio and of Texas come to the Alamo, bringing flowers in memory of the men whose supreme sacrifice there helped to make possible the independent nation which later, by treaty, became a state in the American Union. The pilgrimage takes place during the week of the Fiesta of San Jacinto, but it is not in the carnival spirit. Its music is not lilting, but patriotic and sacred. The masses of flowers which first are banked high against the Alamo's scarred front and afterward go through its carved doors are not primarily for decoration, but in memoriam. On that Monday of fiesta week, when the heat of the day is passed and the sun is sinking towards the towers and Moorish dome of the venerable San Fernando Cathedral, the people assemble. Good place is given to the pupils of the schools. The specially invited guests include officials of the United States, of Texas, and of her commonwealths; the presidents of the universities and colleges; representatives of national and state patriotic and historical societies, of the army, of war veterans' associations, of the Rough Riders, who were recruited in San Antonio, and of the Roosevelt family, whose distinguished member organized them; writers, artists and others who are beloved by Texas.

Although there is no striving for theatrical effect, the scene is amply picturesque by reason of the uniforms of the military, the occasional characteristic garb of the old Southwest, the bright colors of participants from the city's great Mexican quarter. In sight are all the six flags which have flown over Texas—French, Spanish, Mexican, the Lone Star of the Republic, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, the Stars and Stripes of the United States. And by an army color guard there

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is assembled the national banners which represent the thousands of regular troops always in the military posts and training fields about San Antonio. Into this scene—its background the Alamo on the palm-fronded plaza where tall buildings make striking contrast of the modern with the ancient—come the bearers of flowers, which, as a rule, are not bouquets but masses and garlands. Principally the flowers of Texas profuse in April: The bluebonnet, the winecup, the Indian paintbrush, the lavender verbena, the golden huisache, the ivory magnolia, the purple iris, exquisite roses, bougainvilleas, lilies and cape jasmine. Then, to the accompaniment of continuous music, each group deposits its offering—gravely, ceremoniously—before the Texas shrine. There is no other formality, no orations—that is provided otherwise in the fiesta week program, when at hourly intervals throughout each day five-minute speakers in the Alamo recount what happened there, and why, and what it meant and means to Texas and America. The pilgrimage begins and ends, as twilight approaches, with music and flowers. It is not a pageant, but a rite renewing grateful homage. Its impressive beauty lies not alone in the waving flags and fragrant blossoms and participating throng, but in its utter and reverent simplicity.

Pilgrimage to the Alamo committee: Merrill Bishop, chairman; Major General Frank C. Bolles, William C. Clogg, R. S. Menefee, Major C. B. Rucker, J. G. Sarran, Frost Woodhull.

Goliad

THE MASSACRE of Colonel Fannin and his soldiers after they had been kept as prisoners of war for several days was an act of barbarity and treachery that has no parallel in the Indian wars of the Southwest; yet it was the order of Santa Anna, dictator of Mexico. When General Houston learned that a superior force of Mexicans was marching against Goliad, he ordered Colonel Fannin to abandon the place. Movements were slow, and the Texan army was overtaken by the Mexicans under General Urrea.

Colonel Fannin formed his men in a hollow square, lines three deep, to repel cavalry and artillery at the four angles. While he had but twenty-five mounted men, he risked letting them make a reconnaissance. Superior numbers of Mexican horsemen drove a wedge and cut them off from the army. With a thousand men against four hundred, the Mexicans made a grand charge from three directions. It was a deadly charge, and bayonets were used; but the Mexicans were finally forced to retreat. They continued to fight in a desultory way until dark. Colonel Fannin wanted to retreat under cover of darkness, but the horses were gone and many of the cattle had been killed. It seemed that it would be impossible to move the seventy wounded. The men refused to retreat, and finally they all set to work digging trenches and throwing up earthen mounds.

Reinforcements had arrived for the Mexicans during the night, and they were preparing to make an attack a little after sunup. General Urrea sent a flag of truce and asked for the surrender in order to avoid further bloodshed. Then General Urrea advanced and was met by Colonel Fannin. They agreed to terms: that the Texans should either be held as prisoners of war or liberated on parole. The terms were reduced to writing

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in both Spanish and English, the English translation being read by Colonel Fannin to his men.

All of the prisoners were conducted back to Goliad, where they were kept in close confinement for several days in the old mission and the walled yard. Very little food was provided, and the place was so crowded that there was scarcely room to lie down. The best account of the massacre is that of J. C. Duval, one of the survivors:

"On the morning of the 27th of March, a Mexican officer came to us and ordered us to get ready for a march. He told us we were to be liberated on parole and that arrangements had been made to send us to New Orleans on board a vessel then at Copano. This, you may be sure, was joyful news to us, and we lost no time in making preparations to leave our uncomfortable quarters. When all was ready, we were formed in three divisions and marched out under a strong guard. As we passed by some Mexican women who were standing near the main entrance of the fort, I heard one say: "Pobrecitos!" (poor fellows).

"One of our divisions was taken down the road leading to the lower ford of the river, one upon the road to San Patricio, and the division to which my company was attached, along the road leading to San Antonio. A strong guard accompanied us, marching in double file on both sides of our column. When about half a mile above town, a halt was made, and the guard on the side next the river filed around to the opposite side. Hardly had this maneuver been executed, when I heard heavy firing of musketry in the directions taken by the other two divisions. Some one near me exclaimed. "Boys, they are going to shoot us!" And at the same instant I heard the clicking of musket locks all along the Mexican line. I turned to look, and as I did so, the Mexicans fired upon us, killing probably one

hundred out of the one hundred and fifty men in the division. We were in double file, and I was in the rear rank. The man in front of me was shot dead, and in falling he knocked me down. I did not get up for a moment, and when I rose to my feet I found that the whole Mexican line had charged over me and were in hot pursuit of those who had not been shot and who were fleeing toward the river about five hundred yards distant."

Of the three hundred and seventy-one prisoners who were taken out to be shot like so many animals, twenty-seven were fortunate enough to escape in the unexpected confusion. The firing squads were nervous, but some of the men who escaped told stories that could be believed only because the man was alive.

Because of his wound, Colonel Fannin was not among the men marched out to be shot, but he was soon notified to prepare for death. They took him to the square, seated him on a bench with eyes blindfolded, and shot him. Many of the men who were massacred were citizens of the United States who had enlisted in the army of Texas.

The marble shaft in the city of Goliad bears these inscriptions: North, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" west, "Independence declared March 2, A. D. 1836; consummated April 21, A. D. 1836"; south, "Fannin—erected in memory of Fannin and his comrades"; east, "Massacred March 27, A. D. 1836."

The Angel of Goliad

Senora Francisca de Alvez was the wife of Captain Don Telesforo Alvez.

“**T**HE Angel of Goliad” was the wife of a Mexican army officer. When she came to Texas with the army, her people regarded the Texans as rebels and heretics—two classes that were most odious to the pious Mexicans. A man was lost if he did not belong to the established church, and he was worse than lost if he even questioned the policy of the government. “It’s law; it’s right.”

With such a background, and living in an environment where Texans were regarded as the worst and the most abandoned of all men, this noble woman seemed to sense that these men were contending for what they believed to be right. She could respect them, even though she was sorry to see them fighting against the mother country. A woman of mature age, happily married, who used her time in church work rather than indulging in the drinking and flirtations that were common among the women in the camp, she became interested in prisoners, contributing to their wants, and even saving their lives.

In the massacre of Goliad, twenty-seven men escaped in the confusion during the firing and twenty-nine were spared. Of the twenty-nine who were spared, twenty-three of them owed their lives to the wonderful efforts and personal risks of this Mexican woman. She used every means at her command: she called the priest out of bed; she forced him to intercede for some of the men; she connived with officers; she pleaded with General Portillo; and by her zeal, she so affected Colonel Garay (whose humane feelings so revolted at the order) that with great personal responsibility to himself and at great hazards at thus going counter to the orders of the then all-powerful Santa

Anna, he resolved to save all that he could. She even asked General Portillo to let her be taken out and shot instead of the helpless prisoners, and when that was said to be impossible, she offered to take Colonel Fannin's place. "She appeared most frantic."

While the massacre was going on, she was in the street, her mantilla thrown back, her black hair floating, talking most wildly; she was abusing the Mexican officers, and especially General Portillo and el presidente, Santa Anna. She used these words: "Curse you, Santa Anna! What a disgrace you've brought on the country!"

A reassuring figure in a turbulent time, Senora Alvez brightens a dismal picture of consuming hatred and inhuman brutality by deeds of mercy, self-sacrifice and a religion that was above the petty whims of men and rulers. Records of her ministrations and intercessions for Texans confined in prisons under one pretext or another seem to be found wherever she went: Copano, Victoria, Matamoros, and even Mexico City.

Some fluent writer, who was not familiar with the facts, happened to refer to her as a "religious crank." This brought protest and resentment, not only from the friends and relatives of the men who had been befriended but from clear-headed, patriotic people who could appreciate unselfish acts and real Christian work.

When the question of erecting a monument to the "Angel of Goliad" was before the Texas state legislature, a tribute by Leopold Morris in the *Victoria Daily Advocate* was read into the minutes, from which the following is quoted:

"Only a monument of sublime grandeur, one bearing the inspiring figure of an angel, would do her memory justice. And now that a state or national park is to be established at the scene of the most appalling butchery in the history of civilized

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nations, why not erect the monument at its very portals, portraying in enduring stone this Lady of Refuge protecting some of the doomed from the assassins, and thus impress upon all who enter that the sacred ground within would not have been soaked with the blood of Texas heroes if her mercy could have saved them all!"

SAN JACINTO CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

Judge John C. Townes, *President*

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Camping in the Big Piney Woods

WE LEFT the train at Corrigan. The hotel was an unpainted, rambling, ramshackle series of wooden buildings containing about twenty rooms, surprisingly large; in some instances one room could have been divided into four rooms of respectable size. The furniture was so poor and scant that these large rooms seemed barren, and the loose boards of the floor would squeak and clatter when some one walked across the room. This was tolerable only because there was much moving about, and the place was noisy.

A hand-bell clattered the call to dinner—table d'hôte—a platter of country ham, browned to an appetizing sepia; mashed potatoes, a loaf of flaky white terminating in a cone with a cube of butter melting and floating; a platter of “fresh country eggs,” rich golden hemispheres extending a little above opal-tinted white; home-made preserves, jewels floating in syrup; honey in the comb. But I had to stop the inventory; a woman was passing hot biscuits, flaky white. “Please take two.” A wonderful woman! I like this hotel.

Just my luck—my stomach is too small! Back to the office, and glad of the barren rooms, the rattling boards, the squeaking floors—at peace with the world. A small boy comes leading a wolf—a half-grown lobo, but fierce and unreliable. But the boy is boss; he kicks and strikes Lobo; but Lobo does not care—he is tough. A keen, unsteady eye, ears pricked up, ready to begin a fray, or to slink away—Lobo represents intelligence and alertness.

To soon—all too soon—they come with the horses. We are off for the big piney woods. On abandoned farms, where farm buildings have fallen in decay, good-sized trees are growing.

HERE COMES TEXAS

We come to the old spring-house; the walls of stone are yet standing, and the bubbling spring offers us a cool drink. We saunter among the trees, listen to the chickadee and the brown thrasher, and wonder why people left such an alluring spot.

Cut-over lands are not attractive—too much ruthless cutting, too much fire; but nature is most careful and persistent in healing the wounds inflicted by man. And now, the Big Woods, virgin pine that has stood since the memory of man was asked to take note of this locality. Great trees, tall trees, straight trees; a surprising uniformity; no underbrush, but great sepia pillars filling in to complete the prospect, and as we advance, more trees. There is luxury in a thick carpet of pine needles; it suggests a fine Oriental rug with deep nap. We lead our horses; it is a padded jungle silence; there can be no harsh sounds; the call of an inquisitive crow has lost its sharpness; even the bluejay's saucy scold seems friendly; the squirrel is a little romp, bound for some kind of mischief; and the cardinal will not allow visitors to be treated lightly. His is a dignity worthy of his brilliant red coat; he chirps, moves forward a little and chirps again; then offers his song of welcome: "Tor-ree-de." In the great pine woods, late in the afternoon, the redbird song suggests church music.

From the depth of the woods, almost reduced to a whisper, we hear a call. It is the camp attendants who came out in the morning; they are calling to give us their location, but we are headed in a direct line to them. There is a thrill in arriving at a camp—fire burning, coffee pot steaming, blankets spread; it is like coming home to rest. No sunshine filters to the ground among these tall giant trees, but the shade is diffused and softened; the light is good. We watch a buckeye butterfly as it darts about inquisitively studying this strange aggregation of

CAMPING IN THE BIG PINEY WOODS

people. It would dart about, alight and spread its wings as though intent on showing its jewel-blue eye-spots.

The head cook announced: "We will have boiled wieners and boiled eggs, sauerkraut and lima beans. If you do not like the menu, go and kill a bear." We were satisfied with the menu, but we were informed that bears could be found in these woods. An early supper, but we were ready for it. The flavor of pines gives a sort of zest to food. Then there was peach brandy furnished by some of the natives.

Not being an authority on peach brandy, or any other kind of brandy, I studied the effect of the brandy on others, and I decided that some very lively peaches went into that brandy. Supper was hardly over when some one noted a cow bell approaching our camp—a group of "timber whackers" coming over to entertain us. When the dogs barked, they were answered by baying of hounds; it seemed to be an immense pack. There were five men and two women, a mother and married daughter. Two of the men carried fiddles, the young woman had a mandolin, and an old man had a jew's-harp.

After many familiar "howdies," introductions and much good-natured banter, the visitors were seated in the center of our group. With very little preliminary, the mandolin was strung and the old lady announced: "We are going to sing for you." The daughter began to clatter the mandolin—maybe she abused it—and it complained in squeaks and squawks, mechanical and nerve-shattering, until the old lady broke in:

"Granny, will your dog bite, dog bite, dog bite,
Granny, will your dog bite?
No, child, no."

It was the hounds that saved the day on this tin-pan selection; they broke in with a fullness of baying howls that brought echoes from the depth of the woods. On the whole, it was a

HERE COMES TEXAS

"howling success." Then "Ben Bolt," to the accompaniment of the hound chorus:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown?
Who wept all with joy when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown."

The pair gave one more selection: "Roll On, Silver Moon." The hounds came in well. The man with the jew's-harp gave two selections. They were well rendered; he got real music out of the limber tongue. But we were waiting for the fiddles. No disappointment there; they took some time getting themselves arranged and their fiddles tuned, but they were off with a few scrapes, a snap—and "Turkey in the Straw." They just put themselves into it, and fairly made the old pines vibrate to the penetrating old-time music.

"The Irish Washerwoman," "Hop, Hop, Maria," and other old-time selections with plenty of "pep and spirit" were reeled off as a recreation. The older man—lean, lank, wiry—would fold himself over his fiddle and fairly breathe with his music. He played a few selections alone, and when he began one of the progressive rises to a higher key, he could almost lift you to your feet.

They produced a jig-dancer. A canvas was stretched, and he danced bare-footed. Then the young woman and her husband went through with "Greet your princess; meet your princess; kneel and kiss the pretty princess." By no means a modern fox-trot—they kept at arm's length, barely touching hands until they kissed; and that was a formal affair; they kept their hands back and strained their necks just to make their lips touch.

And finally they came to "It's All Over Now." All sang, even the fiddlers. It left a sort of yearning.

CAMPING IN THE BIG PINEY WOODS

Our entertainers traveled off through the Big Woods. The camp became quiet; we sought our pup-tent. The spell of the woods! Wide awake, we listen for the voices of the great pine trees. Patriarchs, they are above the affairs of men; they were here when the Alamo fell, and they heard the throaty yells of Sam Houston's triumphant soldiers. Conventions, elections, triumphs, defeats, the Piney Woods were unchanged.

I look at a tall spire that is finally lost in dark foliage, but high above the ground. Here is a field of pillars, but few of the outlines can be distinguished. Far away, there is a rattle, out of tune, rasping, mechanical. It is a family of foxes. The dogs take notice, become restless. Then comes the hoot of a Florida barred owl, which belongs in the surroundings. There is an accord, a resonance. He belongs with the "poor-will" and the wheeling, "scaup"-ing nighthawk. A slight clatter among the leaves; the dogs become nervous, but the excitement passes.

It is broad daylight when I wake up. The camp is astir; some golden tints of sunshine can be seen through the tops of the trees. A beautiful morning! But why get up? Comfortable, cool, the luxury of dreamy reverie. Just turn over and forget the world; indulge in mental rambling, even sleep. If the president takes another rabbit out of a hat, the politicians will look after it. And if the kidnappers get another rich man, he will have to buy his way out. Anyway, the world is getting better. Such possibilities for luxurious enjoyment. Yes, yes; it is the "boom, boom" of a prairie chicken and the "coo-oon, coo-oon" of doves. My mockingbird from the city is out here serenading. "Good morning, and thank you." But why should an ill-natured crow come to our camp? He is quarreling with the dogs and the bluejays. "Cawark!" He is just making fun of somebody.

The tinkling of a cow-bell comes closer. The natives of this

timber belt put bells on their horses; it helps in locating the animals, keeps them from getting lost, or they may like the music. They are bringing us fresh milk for breakfast, and chicken all ready to fry. It is time to get up. We saunter among the trees, make friends with a tiny black-capped chickadee that is doing acrobatic stunts on a low branch. The dogs have a story, and we follow them. An armadillo has been investigating our camp, and the dogs make him curl up. They can do him no real harm, but whenever he starts to dig, they take hold of him. Then he wraps himself in a little ball. The armor just fits; all of the flesh is covered, but the tail dangles out.

Breakfast is ready. We wash in cold water—just to convince the skeptical that we are tough. While it is a little severe, cold water is invigorating when applied to the face so abruptly. Not a dining-car breakfast, nor a sanitarium balanced ration; more like a dinner: fried chicken, new potatoes, stewed plums, eggs, and "How will you have them?"; thick pan muffins, crisp and fluffy; honey and butter; coffee; but "Everybody is supposed to drink some milk."

A lumberman arrives. He becomes eloquent about the number of board-feet that one of those trees would produce. But who is interested in board-feet? Too many trees have been reduced to board-feet, and yet people live in poor houses. Better live in tents and keep these great trees to walk under, and sleep under, and inspire ideals of life.

We are told that a part of this tract has recently been sold for \$105 an acre—too cheap, entirely too cheap—and that the land alone is worth about \$10 an acre—\$105 for the timber, \$10 for the land.

Here should be a state park. Not only the native Texans, but visitors from all parts of the United States, should have the

CAMPING IN THE BIG PINEY WOODS

privilege of walking among the big trees and sleeping in the piney woods. Second only to the redwoods of California and the feathery spruce of Washington and Oregon, the Giant Trees of East Texas deserve a better fate than to contribute board-feet to a civilization that does not need the board-feet.

Marvelous is the sweep, the significance, of a tree that has stood through centuries; an element of luck, but here is a forest that looks back into the centuries, and yet keeps pace with modern progress. Successful, efficient, these great trees seem to be in the heyday of life; there is no sign of old age, arrested development or final maturity. Immense, mighty, towering, but they maintain the traits of youth—green, expanding, all-pervading youth—green leaves, robust, sturdy boles, well set in the earth, and reaching into the heavens. Mighty young patriarchs tell of a living past, a past that does not die, and of a future that allows greater possibilities for expansion, and a fuller attainment of that abundant life which becomes possible only when nature's laws have been fully observed. We leave the big woods, but we take with us some of its inspiration, a broader outlook, a perspective that looks to the larger things of life.

Miles under the big trees, for two hours, we led our horses as we walked leisurely. Carpet of pine needles; no underbrush; it was like walking in a well-kept park. A fox is coming to meet us, head down, brush tossing proudly. Evidently he is going by scent and not even looking ahead. A young fellow, little more than half grown, he has not contacted our scent, and he does not look up. He continues to trot slowly and confidently, but directly towards our crowd of men and horses. Probably it was sound that gave him the first impression, but it all came at once. He stopped, wheeled, jumped, and made a bad landing. He almost fell before he flashed out of sight. This

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young fellow has much to learn. We are not likely to meet an old fox.

We come to a steep bank, like the rim of a canyon. The bank is so abrupt, the sides so steep, that there are no large trees. Islands of small pines, flowering dogwoods, redhaw and persimmons are strung along the bank; and further down, masses of wild grape, wistaria and yellow jasmine make complete tangles over sycamores, elms, and fast-growing willows. A Maryland yellowthroat comes out of the thicket to give a hurried song, and a summer tanager flashes like a sparkler across the green—a slim bird, but all red, and this in contrast to the scarlet tanager that has black wings.

Leaving the big pines, we enter a miscellaneous woods. The ground is broken and cut with gullies; here are hardwood, oak, ash, bitter hickory, some underbrush: Spanish mulberry, wild gooseberry, Mexican coral. A king snake slips across the trail, stretches half way over a little fallen tree, and waits while we pass.

Bob Silver's cave! Entering from the low ground of a little vale just above the stream, we ride our horses into the outer compartment. Much room! Room for a small army! Our horses are nervous. We dismount and begin exploring. According to legend, Bob Silver was a pirate.

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Bob Silver's Cave

THE LURE of romance clusters about Bob Silver's Cave. We entered from the low ground of a little vale just above the stream, and we rode our horses into the outer compartment. There was so much room that a small army might have been accommodated. Since our horses were nervous, we dismounted and began to explore.

According to the legend, Bob Silver was a pirate; he was in some way associated with Jean Lafitte and his brother Pierre. He had started from one of the pirate landings on the mainland across from Galveston and was traveling inland with a string of pack ponies and donkeys heavily loaded with bars of gold and silver. Upon being attacked by Indians, he took refuge in this cave. After a siege of several days, he and his men escaped, but they left their treasure in the cave. For more than a century, curious and credulous people have travelled long distances to dig for "Bob Silver's treasure."

We looked around, and soon saw where the digging had been thorough and extensive. But we did not dig. In one room, we found a smooth wall of soft rock, completely covered with initials and inscriptions; some of these were in Spanish.

The story of the expedition and siege is usually colored by the imagination of the narrator; and on this occasion, we seemed to be most fortunate in having an "old-timer" with a good imagination. And this is the story:

With a train of thirty-four pack animals—twenty-eight ponies and six donkeys—and twenty-two men, Bob Silver undertook to convey a treasure of gold and silver bars, lacquer ware, and silk, overland to the United States. Some renegad Spaniards followed the expedition and succeeded in getting some warlike Indians to join them in an effort to capture th

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treasure. The pirates had their scouts well out, and when they found a skulking Indian, a scout would simply wait behind a tree or rock, cut down the Indian with a cutlass, slash his throat and leave him as a warning. Although it was a large band of Indians, almost an army, they might have been bluffed by the aggressive pirates had they not been spurred on by the three white men.

When they were surrounded on a hillside, the pirates easily cut their way out and began the run for the cave. The heavily loaded pack animals could not go very fast, but the daring pirates put up such a show of defense throughout the afternoon that the whole pack train entered the cave.

Soon after dark, the Indians attempted to storm the cave. About twenty were permitted to enter before guards appeared and drove the others back. When the Indians entered the cave, it was pitch dark, but in a minute or two, flares appeared in several places, and the Indians were simply cut down. It is said that Bob Silver could look at an Indian and make him stand still to be struck with a cutlass. A flare appeared, and the pirates began to roll Indians' heads from a side opening. Some yells, a flare, and three or four heads would be rolling down the slope. The Indians set up a howl, and this was answered by the pirates' laugh. The Indians were so intimidated that they did not attack again that night.

The pirates continued to skulk outside the cave. During the day, they brought in a white man who had been one of the leaders of the Indians. He was promptly quartered; his head was stuck on a pole, and his arms and legs were dangled from other poles. In a little while, his heart was nailed to a tree. But the Indians got reinforcements; most of the Indians of that day were always ready to get into a fight, especially

against an enemy that was surrounded and fighting at a disadvantage.

Numbers made the Indians bold, and the few pirates who skulked outside were compelled to be most valiant and resourceful. The Indians brought great quantities of pitch-pine—small trees and boughs which burned with considerable heat and a smudge of heavy smoke that would overcome a man in a few minutes. Great fires were built, and the pirates were unable to keep the fire and smoke from entering the cave. Indians can wait. They kept the fires burning.

Organized for a dash, Bob Silver and his terrible companions came right through the fire. With wet cloths over their faces, and also over their ponies' heads, they came right out, and throwing away the cloths, they gave the unnerving pirate laugh. The Indians stood back. The pirates came through with their ponies and some camp equipment, but they left behind the slow-moving donkeys and their heavy packs.

The donkeys were suffocated in the cave. Many jawbones have been found. The treasure was hidden in the cave; the Indians and the renegade white men did not find it. Of course, Bob Silver and his competent followers might have slipped back in a few days or weeks and recovered the treasure.

But Bob Silver left his ghost: an inhuman monster, hawk nose, and eyes that light up like those of a tiger above a shaggy, silver-tipped beard that stands out when he opens his mouth to make that barbaric laugh and to spit fire at timid people.

On dark nights, wicked spirits may roll Indians' heads around, and some one may come out of the cave carrying a pole with old Sear Mez's head, and if you will wait long enough and get yourself in the right frame of mind, here will come the other poles with arms and legs dangling.

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But this happened to be a quiet day. The cave was musty, but there were no signs of life, and no ghosts.

From the opening of the cave, a zigzag trail led down to the water. Not much water in the creek; it was hardly knee deep to the horses. By jumping from one of the big stones to another, a person might be able to cross with dry feet. With many a turn, the trail led up the steep slope, and we were again in the big pines.

The great pines were most refreshing after the gruesome encounter with the musty past. Under the pines! Cool corridors, the grandest edifices; a vagrant breeze bears the scent of sunshine, and with it the invigorating resin tinged with the aroma of wild apple. In the shadows, but the shadows raise transparent canopies that bar heat but admit diffused light.

The love-call of a dove, "Coo-oo, coo, coo," and the outlook is brighter; the world is getting better. We can get rid of the idea that we are defeated, that our present system, our institutions, even our civilization is shipwrecked, that we can only sit and wait in helpless despair the threatening dangers of the future. Here we forget the past. These trees have lived through ages, been exposed to storms, and fires, and the whims of man; and yet they carry on. We need but to set our compass and march.

It takes just a few minutes to get rid of Bob Silver. Here is a red fox squirrel—a saucy fellow, all fluffed up with mischief and asking to be noticed. He hangs on a little limb, offers a series of banterings, and flashes to the side of a big tree. But soon he is out on a limb again; he is just good-natured and curious, and he forces us to ask ourselves: "Why not be curious?"

We cross a little gully and surprise a flock of crows. A crow is a genius for mischief. When they see us, it seems that the

world of mischief-spirits has just been let loose. They come towards us with ever-louder cawing; but the cawing is bantering and joking rather than wrathful or threatening. Like a conference of racketty delegates, they fly to one side, as though they would talk things over.

Leading our horses, we walk slowly. Among the brown colonnades, under the roof of green, the air seems to quiver and throb. We are at a little open space; it is circular and about sixty feet across, but it is clear—carpeted with brown needles, encircled with brown cloisters, cloisters that are alive and strong, healthy and affluent. This might be a quiet retreat on one of the old missions, where the pious brethren could withdraw from one another and commune; but there was just room enough for our party to assemble. No loud talking; no laughing; we had absorbed the spirit of the pines.

Possibly there was a tinge of regret; soon we would be leaving the big forest. But the song of the pines is a deep contralto; it is charged with the pathos and the undying solemnities of the world. Each tree speaks with an individual tone as the wind breathes through the branches. We had stood there a minute or two before we were fully aware that it was a windy day; that the wind was swaying the branches overhead and giving real volume to the whistle of the slender leaves. Some one suggested that it sounded like the waves of the sea—the lash and murmur of the sea repeating itself in the pine boughs. But this seems to be a digression, too far off; the restful trees seem to have imbibed something of the life and spirit of the human race.

We are given some refreshments: sandwiches, fruit and coffee. Preoccupied, busied with personal thoughts, no one leads, and there is little conversation. Far away, there is a tinkle of a cow-bell. Is it strange that such a sound should

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break the spell of silence, but a change came over the party. A minute ago, an individual was communing with himself; now he is thinking of the station and how soon he will be there. There was no leave-taking; with one accord, we broke away from the spell of the piney woods and began to revel in anticipations of what we would find at home. Thoughts of home have a pulling power that will tear us away from the most alluring places.

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Grass

"Fresh Green Hair of the Earth"

"Green lakes, seas of waving green—the land of grass and cattle."

GREEN is life, and life is green! Green grass appeals to primitive nature. No miracle of the green world is so universal as grass. The greensward imparts a soft, cool buoyancy, a feeling of youth. A great field of green, unfolding along the roadside, inspires an abiding faith in things that endure.

There is a tingle in the feel of fresh green grass under the foot; a satisfying sensation comes with the contact. When Thomas A. Edison deliberately walked across the well-kept grass circle on the estate of Henry Ford, he was simply following the urge that is felt by most people when they see an exceptionally fine grassy sward; and when he laid down and rolled over on this inveigling green carpet, and that with his Sunday clothes on and in the presence of his wife, he was only obeying the familiar impulse to "roll in the grass." He paid his friend Henry's lawn a very high compliment, even though it was at the expense of dignity, Sunday clothes and neighborhood comments.

We are children of the soil, children of the grass, and we do not outgrow it. Our lives, our inner nature, is rooted in the green. Spring grass, tender, pliant and buoyant, a marvel of delicacy, the lovely "hair of the land." How welcome it is! Even in our land of summer in winter, we greet the first spring grass with a whole-hearted gladness. In lands of winter snow and frozen soil, the green carpet of spring is hailed as a blessing; and in the desert areas, where the hot summer sun parches the landscape, this mantle of tender, hopeful green is greeted

HERE COMES TEXAS

as a restorer of youth, an elixir of new life. The white, cold landscape is green with expanding life; the brown, sere plains are alive; the desert is a garden.

Flowers may furnish the color; shrubs and palms and century plants, the strange forms and the oddity; but it is the grass that forms the setting. A little greensward is necessary; it is a part of the natural surroundings, and it is indispensable. It is the background, the natural environment, which seems to bear the extra burdens. Like emerald billows, it surges under the trees, among the trellises and along the flagstones; it catches the prodigal showers of pink petals; it toys with the purple wistaria, and it weaves fairy settings of green for the golden funnels of cape jasmine.

The most important crop, the most essential crop, of the entire world is not cotton; it is not corn or wheat or rice, not potatoes and cabbage, not grapefruit and blood-oranges; it is the grass crop, the forage, the pastures and the meadows. Wild prairies and swamplands, rugged mountains and rocky canyons, sandy wastes and deserts permit some grazing; herding and caring for livestock was a primitive occupation of man, and stock raising is one of the most important industries of modern times.

It has been estimated that the grasses amount to one-sixth of all the plant life of the world. There are more than a thousand kinds of grass, and they vary from tiny mosslike threads one thirty-second of an inch long to giant stalks of bamboo grass fifty feet high. Some of the most impenetrable forests are grass. Most of these large bamboos have leaves that are broad, and flowers of different sexes on each plant. Some of the flowers are furnished with hairy appendages, parts that are fringed with silky hairs of a silvery whiteness. They are both massive

GRASS: "EARTH'S FRESH, GREEN HAIR"

and elegant, but it is a strain upon our conception of a grass to consider them.

We like to think of grass as a velvety sward of field or park or close-cropped lawn, of quivering plumes in fragrant meadows where painted butterflies weave in and out, above and around brightly colored flowers, and yellow-breasted meadow larks ring out their incomparable symphonies to the open country. While the mind readily grasps some detail, like a goldfinch on a thistle bloom, a hummingbird poised above a bell-flower or a swarm of busy wasps droning and gathering pollen from the wine-cups that sprawl themselves upon the tall green grass, the field itself, the setting of green grass, the preponderance of green is an essential part of the impression. The birds, the butterflies and the wild flowers are more beautiful, more interesting, because of their happy associations with the restful green; they fitly fit the surroundings.

The prairie is a generous host; the green offers an abundance served on a grand scale. Like a grand hall, the sky for a ceiling, green hills are green walls with glorious decorations. There are tintings and shades of green, pale, ashen, livid, intense, rosy, flushed, rubicund; but they form a mere hint of a delicate green spreading out like a touch of foam; there may be an intensified area where the green attains a depth suggesting purple or coal black, emerald to jet, jet to mauve; but the greatest consolation comes from the general impression which comprehends but few of the details and is not concerned with careful distinctions, just a play of the mind on restful, living green, nature's foundation color.

The green landscape is alive, restful and submissive; it is not lifeless. With the paintings of wild flowers, the spikes of purple shooting stars and the trailing yellow lupine, there are copses of Spanish mulberry, thickets of blackberry briars and

HERE COMES TEXAS

hummocks of wild roses. The scene is enlivened with bands and orchestras, fiddlers and minnie-singers, bassoon artists and kettle-drummers. What with color and teeming life, delicate beauties and adaptations, and yet with a delightful submission, the green carpet is a refuge; there is rest and health in the grass.

It is no wonder that heart-sick men, poets and dreamers of all ages have apostrophized the grass. It is a frail herb, yet it is ever-present, omnipresent. It hastens to maturity, pales, browns, withers; but everywhere it is continually being reborn, preparing for another revel in the green of throbbing life; it is the symbol of persistence. Here is the prevailing symbol of things that pass, things that pass through the consciousness like dreams, the symbol of the illusions of life, the fleeting of time and the emptiness of possessions once attained, the "everlasting illusion," but it can also be the "symbol of resurrection," of attaining again life anew, of the old, the ever-perplexing mystery of life renewed and life immortal.

But there are shadow-loving grasses, mosses and brakens that cling to protecting rocks and seek the shady side of great tree trunks, and these by their velvety softness and delicacy of shade suggest a rare fineness, a rich and costly drapery only to be used in exclusive places; they make up the April greens, the golden greens and the autumnal bronze that captivates those people of refined taste who linger in the shadowy precincts long enough for the impression to grow.

These shadow grasses may be frail and soft as down, but they may paint with outstanding colors—gold of the setting sun, purple of the fir-clad hills or burnt umber of the sepia woods. Delicacy and frailty give license to assumption, and the masses receive more attention than the trees. There is joy in the frail, half-elusive mantle of glorified green. Like sojourning in fairyland, we drink from brimming cups of enjoy-

GRASS: "EARTH'S FRESH, GREEN HAIR"

ment draughts that refresh and satisfy, but they do not intoxicate. We receive the baptism of an endless variety of peace and pleasure and quiet contentment, rest, refreshment and recuperation—all this from the freshness of the winds, the sparkling brilliance of jeweled dewdrops on fresh green lit by the morning sun and the honey-bloom sweets that play on our senses.

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The Plains and Cattle

WITH all of its bigness and so-called wastelands, Texas has no region that could be defined as a desert. The sand drifts north of El Paso are more like a desert than any other region. The plains regions are suggestive of deserts during the seasons of drouth, but there is some plant life.

The plains differ from the prairies in that the grass is short, and it becomes dry and parched during a period of dry weather without losing its power to revive when there is rain. This carpet of short, thick grass—"buffalo grass"—becomes nutritious pasturage. The plains were the dependable feeding-grounds for the buffaloes, the wild horses and the "longhorns."

During the dry season, when the grass is in a resting condition, the plains seem barren; but when the rains begin, the landscape is green—not only green but brightened with a riot of color by myriads of wild flowers. This was the original home of the most hardy, and some of the showiest, garden flowers: phlox, verbena, coreopsis, liatris, Mexican primrose (*Hartmannia*), lantana, penstemon, gila, gaillardia, blue lupine and snow-on-the-mountain. The mass effect of fields colored, mottled and streaked to outdo the rainbow lures artists.

The Panhandle area was once the bed of an ancient lake. It was quite extensive, reaching some one hundred and fifty miles to the south. It is now a high plateau of three to five thousand feet elevation, and consists of gently rolling, fertile, heavy soil, without trees or shrubs except along streams or "brakes." Besides the Panhandle, there are two plains regions in Texas: west of the Pecos and east of the Davis Mountains.

Texas ranks first in livestock, especially cattle and goats. The goats amount to two million head—more Angora goats

THE PLAINS, AND CATTLE

than all of the other states combined. San Angelo is a center of the Angora goat industry.

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October 26, 1935

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Judge S. J. Brooks	Clara Driscoll Sevier
L. J. Hart	Colonel W. B. Tuttle
C. A. Goeth	Ernest Altgelt
Lytle Gosling	

GOLIAD

J. A. White, *Chairman*

Edward A. Martin	J. C. Burns
R. L. Pettus	John McCampbell

The Spell of Waning Summer

Over the field where the brown quails whistle,
Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle.—*Higginson.*

LIFE expands in throbs. Even in the blue air of eternal summer the tides of living things expand, wax into billows and recede. Some leaves were pale in early spring. Leaf-green (chlorophyll) was dealt out sparingly, but as the sun's rays became more intense, more green cells were put to work, and the abundant green of summer swept through the forests and the fields.

The green is melting into gold. The touch of Midas can be noted among the trees, but in the Southern woods the touch is very light. The deep woods are partially veiled in a blue haze. It seems as though the hot sun has seared and melted some of the tender shoots and young leaf-buds. The sepia streaks on the large sycamore leaves and the pale-yellow leaflets that fleck the pecans are not striking, they hardly effect the ground color, certainly they will not compare to the fading persimmon or the blanching sweetgum, but theirs is the mark of autumn.

The rising sun seems cool through the heavy mists. Not until its great brassy disk is well above the tree-tops is there perceptible warmth in the rays that light up the magnolias and sparkle through the dew-pearls that are strung on spider webs among the coffee beans. The dew-fog seems to dip and creep to the hollow places; then it steals away, adroitly clinging to the shadows among the larger trees. The woods and fields arise slowly as though a heavy drapery was thrust aside; clouds of dark-green woodland foliage, patches of lighter, glistening grass-lands. The clearing or “coming out” of the landscape

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bears some resemblance to a field after a shower: the foliage is distinct, clean and dripping with dew.

Though the greens are darker and more intense, there are patches of olive and occasional touches of red and gold. Even in late summer there is a persistent blue tone in the landscape. Slim spikes of pale-blue verbenas, rollicking star grass—golden-eyed and twinkling—and patches of demure maid-of-the-mist, all these playing with dew-drops and making them sparkle as opals and amethysts and sapphires. Then there are islands of goldenrods, sneezeweeds or golden-flecks, not so completely established as they will be later in the season but showing enough gold to suggest the fall pageant, and these blended in a dissolving landscape of iridescent green. There is a richness, an effulgence of deeper color-tones, a radiancy of half-subdued luster that forebodes the dazzling brilliance of the autumn pageant.

It is butterfly time. Like dashes and spots of color, floating jewels and winged blossoms, in red and gold, in purple and lavender, flashing, poising and festooning across the green and the blue, animated bits of color sparkle and glisten and scintillate. A lordly tiger swallowtail, clad in yellow and black with touches of red and blue, poises above a yellow coffee bean. With exquisite delicacy, it probes among the dangling blossoms; half resting, it spreads its wings so as to reveal richness of gold set with "sparkles" of red and blue; then, like a fairy dream, it floats in graceful curves and festoons, above the grass, among the flowers and among butterflies.

White butterflies, like bits of white lilies; black butterflies, fragments of the night; blue butterflies, of the blue sky and the ocean waves; red butterflies like feathers of the cardinal, floating around. Then there are the yellow butterflies of sunset, flashing, signaling, sparkling and scintillating, weaving in

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and out and punctuating the landscape with color and animation. This revel of "painted ladies," "yellow swallowtails," "hunter's beauties," "queen monarchs," "virgin snows," "lady Theclas," "orange queens," "brown satyrs," "wood-nymphs," "Southern dog-faces," "dwarf yellows," "cloudless sulphurs," "eubule brides," "meadow browns," "euchoe widows," "marble banditti" and "princess orange-tips" represents a turn in the year. Some of these species will soon fade out of the landscape.

Some of them will lay their eggs and then die, the whole generation being represented by eggs until next year. Some of them will lay eggs and the eggs will hatch this fall; the larva will grow, change his skin several times and finally form a pupa, a mummy, which will remain dormant until next spring; but there are others that will live through the winter as adults. Some of these will stay in our woods, hiding among dead leaves when the "northerns" surge, but flitting about on the bright, sunny days.

Then there are the few kinds of butterflies that migrate like the birds. Some of them will go in swarms seeking winter resorts in Mexico and the Central American states, and others may go to the West Indies or South America; but just now they are all reveling about as though their supreme object in life was a sort of inconsequent rambling.

A few of the grass locusts have been clattering and drumming. Lately the great seventeen-year locusts are crashing into the chorus. But this chorus of clatterers and snare-drummers is lacking in enthusiasm; it is their "swan song," and there is an element of hesitancy, of uncertainty in the "zzt, zzt, zzt." Sometimes it seems more like "zz-t, zz-e-t, zz-zz-e-t."

Eloquent is the silence of the birds. Not a sound from a thrush, a cardinal or an oriole; even the blackbirds are sparing with their conversational tones, and the mockingbirds confine

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their vocal efforts to fussing and scolding. Instead of the medley of the bluebirds, the meadowlarks and the warblers, we have only the scold of the bluejays and the occasional call of the rain crow. It is the silence of moving time. The purple martins have already gone, the cliff swallows are leaving, and the summer tanagers are getting ready to leave. While many kinds of birds may slip away quietly or stay among our resident birds without attracting attention, everybody knows when the blackbirds are "ganging up" for the winter. They stage a carnival of noisy mirth.

Nature seems restless. Everywhere there seem to be signs of change. The sky is uncertain. Some of these influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own wayward and mysterious spirit of change; an unexplained restlessness pervades the brute creation. Squirrels are restless and they seem anxious to begin storing up nuts; but the nuts are not ripe. Sometimes a groundhog can be seen well away from his den while the sun is an hour high. It seems that every creature that floats upon the universal tide of life feels something of the mighty change. The swell of life has reached its crest; the waves are receding. Soon, very soon, the fires of autumn will gleam from the arbors of summer.

"A dreamy restfulness pervades the hazy air."

The world is awakening from Indian summer reverie. Early in the afternoon, when the sun is high above the treetops, a katydid begins to saw her fiddle. This premature chord seems to strike a resonance among the cicadas—almost simultaneously two seventeen-year locusts begin to grate their tamborines.

The bluejay breaks out with a series of three calls, "ja-ay—ja-ay—ja-ay," but the calls are without sharpness; they slur into one another; not pert and saucy. It might seem that the bluejay is tired or sleepy. "Pee-to, pee-to, pee-to," sharp and

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snappy; it is the tufted titmouse; he belongs to the winter shift; when the bluejay is tired and sleepy, it is his turn. A robin swings to the ground, makes a few careless scratches among the dead leaves, but remains silent.

Immense white moonflowers are held up like little pitchers to catch the falling dewdrops, while pink and pale-blue morning glories gather circlets of sparkling pearls which form elaborate settings for the little patches of purple or blue that mark the curve of the exquisite bell. Superb beauty and frailty are wonderfully blended in these "goblets of Venus." No wonder that the poet exclaims: "Touch the lily, and half of its beauty trembles away; pluck the goblet, and you have only a form."

The halcyon period of autumn, when there is a gypsy-blood tingle in the air and fable and romance seem to be hiding in every shadow, then it is that we want to leave the beaten path, to ramble where the woods are thick, and surprise a group of half-grown squirrels that are having a romp around an arbor of wild grape vines. Bubbling with life, these agile youngsters leap from branch to branch, tumble into the dead leaves, scamper up a tree, leap again, scuffle, play hide-and-seek, sometimes uttering a faint bark or a thin whistle—always with large brown eyes sparkling with mischief. We are reminded that the stream of life has many variations; that the mellow days of Indian summer have different interpretations.

Mosquitoes are plentiful, and whatever the scruples concerning bloodshed, most people can get some consolation from watching mosquito hawks catch mosquitoes. Secure in a coat of burnished mail, these dragonflies skim along as though they were fixed on moving wires, the legs forming a complete basket to scoop in mosquitoes, and the surprising thing is how many mosquitoes one dragonfly can eat. It is the last feast of the mosquito hawk, and he is making the best of it.

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Of all of the pipes of autumn, no single throb of wild nature is more dramatic than the ganging up of the blackbirds. Other birds may go and come, but everybody knows when the blackbirds begin their carnival. Their habits and life history are so well known, they move in such flocks and mobs that no one is allowed to forget them. In the city, the first of the fall carnival is a large flock of females and this year's young; none of the old males are with them. While they are in great numbers, they are busy feeding, fluttering about the lawns, but they are comparatively quiet; they do not screech and scold, and even the "click-click" is a modest call rather than any sort of exultation. Again, they are alert, almost suspicious; they are avoiding contacts, moving in the line of least resistance.

At nest-building time, the males were with the flock. They were faithful in their work for the flock. When the nestlings appeared, these old males helped police the nest, and they labored tirelessly in bringing food for the family. But when the young were able to leave the nest, the fathers-of-the-family took their vacation; they ganged up to form a men's party and left the flock.

Some of the mothers have been having plenty of trouble, as their bony breasts and bedraggled feathers will show; but the family is grown now, and all must get ready for winter. This restlessness, ganging up, is the first indication that there is no more feeding; and now, the men can come home—better say, come to the flock.

What a noisy clatter those male blackbirds made when they came into the city! Soon the whole flock is staging a noisy carnival. All are taking part, but the men began it. Something of a "welcome home"—blackbirds appreciate the men.

In a few days, they will be gone to one of the great black-

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bird roosts in the midst of a dense woods. In 1931, a roost in the San Jacinto River bottom accommodated no less than 10,000 blackbirds.

All life is rhythmic; rest and repair alternate with work and the tearing down of the body structure; plant and animal life swing regularly through cycles. It is only by extreme effort that human beings escape definite marks that indicate the seasons; clothing, shelter, fire and food maintain the balance. In spite of artificial conditions, we are sensitive to the seasons. An all-pervading sense of autumn finds many ways of getting into our consciousness. Last night the frogs in the ditches set up a regular chorus, sharp and animated, and there was nothing in the weather to call them out; even a trivial shower could not account for so much frog-music, but there was no rain. The usual answer is, "Instinct."

When we accept "instinct" for the frogs, will we be going too far afield if we interpret the "feel of autumn" as an instinct of the human race? Dr. Carl Seashore, of the University of Iowa, avers that "a human being has all of the instincts of the lower animals, and many more." Accepting that as a fact, the "gypsy-blood tingling" is but a reawakening, a stirring to life, of old and semi-dormant instincts that extend back into the history of the race. They must have been useful, or they would have been suppressed. If they are useful, they deserve some degree of cultivation.

The Coming of Wild Geese

“**H**ONK-HONK, honk-ee-ty, honk-honk, honk.”

The measured chant of wild geese, even though heard through the hazy atmosphere of Indian summer, carries a storm-warning that is more effective than the weather bureau. They come just ahead of a “norther.” Sometimes the honking reveals the presence of the flock when they are so high that we can hardly locate them in the clear blue sky.

The honking is the call of the wise old gander who is leading the flock, and the answers from the others. The leader flies at the apex of the letter V. He is a strong bird and his work is especially hard, since he must cut the air in both directions. The letter V formation is quite efficient for these heavy, fast flying birds, because the resistance of the atmosphere is greatly lessened by each bird setting in a little behind and to one side of the bird next in front.

Wild geese “trail their harrow” across the sky with a grace and precision that is wonderful. When the leader becomes tired, he simply drops down a little and with a few extra flops takes his place in the ranks and the next bird moves up to the leader’s place. Sometimes, when the leader is shot down, the flock formation is not broken. As the leader drops, the next bird shifts and the letter V continues to move along. A shift in the formation is usually accompanied by a series of sharp calls, “o-onk-ee,” “on-kee-ee,” “e-ee-enk.”

While instinct is the driving force in starting off the migrations of geese, it is believed that these wise old birds are guided in their route somewhat by a knowledge of the landmarks of the country. They fly high, and when a fog or heavy clouds hide the earth, the leader may lose his way. Then the flock is in a panic. Instead of the regulation call and answer,

there is a jargon of nervous screeches and squeals, all trying to talk at once, and everyone trying to outtalk the others. The flock formation is broken; they huddle together, get in one another's way, and drift about like a ship in a storm without a rudder. Such disorganizations of these majestic flocks have been witnessed from the top of Old Baldy, Mount Tamalpais and other peaks of the Coast Range. The "wail of lost geese" attained a considerable popularity during the early days of Oregon and Washington, when wild geese were so plentiful that they moved in "clouds of geese" so numerous that the farmers were obliged to drive them from their fields. In some instances, hunters were employed and the birds were shot down and left lying, just to keep them from destroying the crops.

During the early history of the United States, when practically every household contained one or more hunters and the old fowling-piece was usually loaded, the wild geese learned to avoid cities and towns as well as hunter's camps. Times have changed; habits of life and game restrictions have changed the attitude of men. It is no longer the custom for men to rush for the reliable gun when they hear the honk of wild geese. The wily old geese have learned their lesson. They "drag their harrow" above the largest cities in broad daylight. They seem to have no fear of large crowds.

While the Rice-Texas football game was being played, three flocks of wild geese flew directly over the grandstand in which no less than five thousand people were noisily enjoying the game. With a military bearing approaching perfection, their long necks forming an etching for the long end of the check-mark, they floated as an incomparable silvery ornament in a cerulean sky. Their flute-like "ank-ee-ank" penetrated the pandemonium of bubbling sport with a strange wildness. Consummate grace and grandeur sublime attend the military spec-

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tacle. Wild geese! But what band, what pep squad, what drill team can put on a show that could be compared? An unpretentious drum major that never falters, a line that never wavers, surely the marching array of this flock attains the acme of perfection.

Geese will pay no attention to a man walking along the road or working in a field. Sometimes they will alight on plowed ground or even follow the furrow. But they can tell when a man has a gun. Such schemes as using a gun for a walking-stick or a hay-fork have been tried with indifferent success. A man skulking in the weeds or grass will cause the flock to wheel and rise with a series of nervous calls, "Ark-ark, ark, ark-ark, ark, ark, ark-o-ark, ark-ark, ark, ark." In many instances, they are suspicious of a man wearing a long over-coat. While they are not accustomed to notice a man on horse-back, let him make a gesture to draw a short rifle and the "ark, ark" begins.

When they come to the ground, they seem to almost fall headlong. Their descent is so rapid that they whiz through the air, but somehow they seem to land in regular order, No. 2 dropping out of the formation and swinging a little away from the flock to become sentinel, and No. 1, the wise old leader, hesitating until most of the flock have landed. Usually, they are in two parallel rows, their heads up, and their beaks pointed towards the leader, every movement suggesting alertness and military discipline. If the leader calls, it is like "attention," every one stands in a waiting attitude. Sometimes they step into a single line, face forward as though they were intending to march.

The drilling and marching of wild geese is carried on with a skill and military exactness that is little less than marvelous. They "face forward," "march," "turn" and "halt" in unison,

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and they "take wing" on a given signal with such perfect accord that they seem more like mechanical birds than living creatures.

The sentinel takes his work seriously; he is ever watchful and alert. At a suspicion of danger, he transmits a warning sign, a light hiss or screak. The flock will assume a listening attitude, with every individual watching the leader. In case of real danger, he gives the sign, "ee-ek," which is answered almost like an echo by the leader, and the flock, with one accord, will endeavor to plunge into the air. It is a pell-mell, boisterous get-away with the leader honking in front and the sentinel "ee-eking" from a little way behind; but very soon the gap between the leader and the flock is filled in by individuals that surge ahead and line up. The V is formed and old No. 2 is edging himself along the line. His answers to the leader's "honk, honk" are sharp and nervous until he falls into his place as No. 2 of the line.

After geese have been fired upon several times, they will post more than one sentinel, and after they become very gun-shy, they will not stay together. Sometimes they will scatter themselves all around a pond, each one about fifty yards from his neighbor. Under such circumstances, a hunter can seldom get in shooting distance before they are all flying away. The sharp-pitched "ee-ek" and "ank" of these nervous geese seem to express an abundance of derision and offended dignity. In hunter's parlance, "the honkers are cursing the hunters." As a flock becomes depleted, the survivors become correspondingly shy and wary. It is difficult to kill the last survivors of a flock; hence the old saying, "The last goose carries a golden egg."

This fall a flock of wild geese alighted in the still waters of the Turning Basin. No doubt it was a flock that had become confused in some way, for their formation was broken

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and they were without a leader. They were badly treated. Although it was closed season for such game, two parties were soon after them with shotguns. It is too bad that they did not find the little lake in Hermann Park, for there they would have been well treated.

"As dumb as a goose" is an epithet that is usually intended to express derision, but in reality it savors of the compliment. The goose is a wise bird. Richly endowed with the instincts and the valuable race-habits of the generations that have gone before, the wild goose of the present day makes a wonderful show of adaptations to new conditions. In the midst of persecutions, he maintains a superb dignity.

San Jacinto Memorial

Designed by A. C. Finn, Houston architect, the San Jacinto memorial will tower 425 feet, and its general appearance will be suggestive of the Washington Monument, but surmounted by a huge lone star, made of unbreakable glass and illuminated twenty-four hours a day—a beacon that will be visible to ships at sea. At the base of the shaft, a large auditorium, rooms for patriotic societies and groups to meet and a museum, while one side will be a large amphitheatre, or bowl capable of seating 7,000 persons. This design was recommended to the county advisory group by Jesse H. Jones, Major John C. Townes, H. O. Clark Jr., Tom Flaxman and Gus S. Wortham.

Winter in a Cypress Swamp

A SLIM blue heron stood at the edge of the palmettos. His pose was so perfect that he seemed more like a plant rooted to the soil than a great-winged bird. The marvel of the sunshine glinting through the trailing cypresses in patches just caught the lone bird in a picture of still life but with an illumination that added emphasis.

Calmness, serenity, the peace of enchantment, rested on the palm-fringed lake and the marshland woods that was now flecked with brown and gold and silver-gray as a slight concession to a winter that never arrives. A few root-growths, "cypress knees," pointed upward with as much suggestion of life and motion as the slim sentinel bird.

While we were contemplating the scene, the bird leaped into the air, spread his great pointed wings and came directly towards us. Strange? Yes. These large wading birds usually fly deliberately and in the opposite direction. Not only flying directly towards men, but the wary bird was flying with unusual speed and nervousness. As though it was fleeing from an enemy, this immense, large-winged bird flapped with energy and there was a seriousness in the manner of stretching the long neck.

We were so absorbed in the unusual sight of this great bird flying in the wrong direction—excitedly flying to danger—that it was a shock to hear a wailing "au-awk" of a wild duck and a piercing whir of wings.

Just above the tall trees, but in the exact field of vision with the heron, a flock of ducks labored, panic-stricken, in an irregular mob, only to get away from a fierce but easily soaring duck hawk. With a powerful plunge, he dropped upon one of the ducks. This duck was a little behind the others and

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was furiously striving to keep up. He was not in a position to receive the blow. There was an "au-awk," a hollow strike—something that might suggest a carpet-beater—a feeble and almost forlorn "au-awk-k," and a bunch of feathers was thrown into the air. The duck dropped down below the tops of the tallest trees, but somehow he continued to fly in the general direction of the flock.

Poising leisurely, the great hawk continued just above as the flock disappeared around a mass of thick foliage. A few minutes later, when we were able to make our way through the tangled vines and underbrush to the more open woods at the edge of the grassy swamplands that stretch out to the water, the flock was gone. It seemed that we had missed the final act of the tragedy.

The edge of the grass-land was dotted with small islands on which there were bunches of brush and an occasional tree, storm-swept and twisted, and in many instances lifting up bare branches. On one of these, a mere weather-beaten snag, the hawk was taking dinner. We trained our glasses upon him. With deliberation and with some show of greed, he would tear the flesh, lift his head, sometimes with a strip of bleeding flesh held in his beak as he surveyed the surroundings. It was not an orgy, just a dinner, to this fierce bird of prey.

Hunters have noted that certain large hawks and eagles come with the migrating water fowl; that they loiter at the edge of water and that they are quite wary. They usually keep out of range of the best guns.

A small boat containing two men was being pushed with much difficulty through the narrow waterways between the grassy islands, and since their way led towards the duck hawk we waited the result. Before they were close enough for a shot, old hawk gathered the remains of his victim in his talons and

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flew away. Almost at the same instant, a large owl flew from the depth of a thicket. We wondered if he took his cue from the hawk, if there was something in the hasty manner in which the hawk gathered up his half-eaten meal and soared away that suggested the approach of real danger. Anyway, it seemed to be a queer whim that would cause an owl to break cover in daylight and fly to the top of a high tree.

He perched on a good-sized limb that contained a few flags of gray moss and little foliage. With our field glasses, we got a good look at the great tawny brown-and-buff bird. He was worth a second look, a great horned owl with large ear tufts that stood up like horns. A sedate old ogre, a woods giant, a horned druid clad in downy-lined mantle of sepia and tan, this odd bird might have been a character from a fairy story, but he hardly belonged in the bright sunlight at the edge of the timber.

A bleakness, akin to loneliness, seemed to hover over the vast reaches of grass-lands. We started to retrace our route through the jungle, but the owl flew ahead of us and entered the thicket. It is not worth while to be superstitious, but somehow it produced a peculiarly creepy sensation a few minutes later when the depth of the woods seemed to groan with a ghostly bass "whoo, whoo-whoo, whoo, whoo-whoo-whoo." Why was the owl so lively? Why did he call in the daytime? Those were questions left for our meditations.

If the grass-lands at the edge of the bay were bleak and lonesome, the great festooned cypresses by the hidden lake were a-thrill with the joy of living jewels. Here were waxwings and warblers, sparrows and thrushes flitting and darting among the fern-like leaves and silvery pendants.

These tiny jewel-birds cling to the leafless branches and they perform little tricks of balancing themselves on swaying

fronds of tree-fern; with the untiring energy of an electric signal-light, these feathered sprites curve and zig-zag and flash curlicues of brown and yellow and green and orange about the dangling festoons of gray moss and around the glistening green magnolia leaves. Like brilliant flowers in rainbow colors, they flash and scintillate their patches of yellow and red and orange with flags of black and white and brown, all in a hubbub of blended color and cheerfulness.

Cedar waxwings, in the gayest of fawn-color attire, tipped with red and washed with yellow, like lady cardinals, were swarming through the underbrush. They pour themselves over a yupon bush that is displaying a few ruby-red berries among the greenest little leaves. Their short, blunt beaks seem too small even for these little berries, but tiny mandibles spread apart with surprising facility, great mouths for small birds, and they proceed with the fruit picking. Not many berries are required for one of these small crops, and the birds seem to be in a great hurry. It seems that a bird just takes one berry and flashes along with fluttering, silky wings, adding a squeak or two to the faint, lisping, pulsating, "pee-e-e, ee-ee-ee-ee, ee-ee" that blended in a hushed whistle.

Gay little top-knotted aristocrats, these cedar waxwings cannot perform the stunts of the acrobatic chickadee. This black-capped performer swings over and under, hangs from a smilax vine and then scampers to the top of a slim dogwood that has reached high among big trees. Now he is near the ground, walking over an inkweed, resting on a palmetto or trying the hospitality of a Virginia creeper; but soon he is high among the treetops and with the old-time consolation he is "swinging in the grape vine swing." It takes spirit and enthusiasm, but there is an elixir, a spiritual uplift, in watching these tiny bird-acrobats.

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Where the trees were tall and the underbrush sparse because of the shade, an olive-brown hermit thrush was hopping about. Calmly but business-like, this red-tailed bird was seeking insects. He did not scratch among the dead leaves, but he seemed to be continually looking among them for bugs and beetles. When he would hop to the ground, he would jerk his tail as though that movement had something to do with keeping his balance.

The frogs were silent. Deeply imbedded in the soft mud, they sink into the semi-conscious daze of hibernation. But their sleep is not so profound. In a few days, they may be out again deliberately moving about on the bottom of the lake. They are not active; they seldom come to the surface; and even if it is plentiful, they take little or no food.

Even without the croaking of the frogs, the marshland lake is not entirely silent. There is a splash among the patches of joint-rushes; some widening rings show where something went into the water, and soon a little mud-hen is sculling herself towards the deeper water. Across a little patch of water where a little strip of white sand stretches in front of some tall grass, a skulking lobo wolf passes like a shadow into the grass. Brown as the dry grass, streaked like the sand, this old prowler just missed getting the mud-hen.

From the thick woods, there comes the scolding "chow-chow" of a great ladderback woodpecker. With much chattering and scolding, this big woodchopper is making chips. Happy at his work, he is hardly ready to join in the confusion of a flock of flickers that are storming through the woods. There are only seven of them, but you would surely count twenty, for they are so lively and noisy. With many a "clape" and "wick" and "cuh-cuh-cuh," they scamper along, leaving old Ladderback with his thumping and scolding.

WINTER IN A CYPRESS SWAMP

Lifting above the carpet of brown leaves, some yellow flowers have attracted butterflies. It is like springtime with red and yellow butterflies poising and festooning about colorful flowers. The flowers are the yellow St. John's warts, the "devil's bane" of the New World. These can always be listed among the December wild flowers for this section of the Gulf Coast country. With yellow St. John's warts and yellow sulphur butterflies, we cannot think of winter.

While finding our way through patches of palmettos, we noted some peculiar tracks in the soft mud. There seemed to be three sharp-pointed toes that were directed downward, and there was a print of something like a stick being drawn along. No doubt it was an armadillo that made these marks.

The woods resound with the fierce cry of a marsh hawk. It is a blood-curdling scream that freezes the woods to silence. There is a slight rustle among the dead leaves; for a time we cannot locate it, but it is repeated, and with a more pronounced tumbling of the leaves. A tiny white-footed mouse makes a dash to a thick clump of brush. Soon we hear again the challenging call of old Ladderback. His "chow-chow" sounds between strokes of his great beak. He is hardly annoyed by the menacing call of the fierce marsh hawk. He is the good citizen who is so busy with his own work that he finds no time to worry over dangers that may or may not materialize. His laugh has lost none of its good-natured ardor.

Spring Comes to the Bayou

A LAND of sunshine! Our winter is a rest period—not a season of cold. But the ever balmy banks of Buffalo Bayou offer rest and recuperation, a season of repose. Fast-growing plants must work. Fringed buttonwoods, white-armed sycamores and gnarled bur oaks proclaim winter. But theirs is only the fear of winter. Interlopers, strangers from the North, although they are nursed and cuddled in a Southern woods, they continue to dread winter; they shed their leaves.

But they are prompt to throw off their lethargy. Not only leaf buds, but the oak is in bloom. A halo of green mist! Glorified, transfigured, the staid old oak rejoices in a marvel of shimmering green; half-open buds, a thin web—almost a veil—of delicate color, and tender-green catkins dangling. It is a carnival make-up.

Gray fringes from afar, patches and blended cloud-masses of lighter shades, but a green woods. A magnolia, a bald cypress, some Texas liveoaks, palaces of peace and warmth, unfolding love, undying green. Woodlands where we can renew the allegiance to youth, trees that have traits of aristocracy—attachment to the past, provision for the future, age and experience—and this with the eternal alchemy, aching comedy of expectant youth.

A changeable sheen on the glossy grass, a rosy flush, shimmers and sparkles from buds dropping red scales. The elm is awakening. A delicate, human blush, swelling buds, and deeper in the woods, the white flags of flowering dogwoods. Banners of white, masses of white clouds banked up behind a bevy of little pine trees, the dogwoods spread curtains of white. It is a white tent, and the act is in the ring: "Whee-u, whee-u,

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whee-u," the call of a brown thrasher, and answered, "tee-dee-loop," and after a pause, "tee-upr."

Scented love and perfumed romance of brilliant blossoms, but it is music and movement, a bird chorus. We listen to the birds.

A thick carpet of pine needles, rich brown, yielding, inviting, we tiptoe under the white canopy. Twisted, unbalanced, shrub-like dogwoods contrive to reach up among the taller trees, to hold their snowy banners almost out of reach. Here is the robin who answered so promptly with his "tee-dee-loop;" in a listening attitude, suspicion and timidity, a migrant male. In spite of his new suit of red and brown, the spotless sheen of newness and freshness, he is not sure of himself, on strange ground. He raises his head a little higher, tilts to one side, drops his shoulders, runs a few steps, and stops to listen. In a few days, he will be farther north—possibly several hundred miles—and there he will await the coming of his lady-love.

"Chuh! Chuh-chuh! Chow-chow!" Startling, unseemly, out of place, the ladderback woodpecker breaks the spell—introduces a new mood. His rollicking guffaw, at first startling and discordant, settles into a rhythmical "rat-a-tat, tat-tat" of his powerful bill against dead wood. Silence. The oracle has spoken. Then an acrobatic black-cap swings to a lower limb, "chickadee-dee-dee-dee," and hangs head-downward from a grapevine, swings and darts away with a whistled "tsee-a-dee, a-dee."

In the tangled jungle-growth of the lowland, sweet incense, a fragrance that announces the yellow gold of the Southern jasmine; climbing among the vines, over-running the iron-woods, bearing flaming torches, dropping golden funnels among the dead leaves. Buoyant, exhilarating, they typify the holiday spirit, but we can hardly escape the feeling that there

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is something grave and unexpected in life, that somehow there is a general trend of everything towards a happy ending, and if we carry the figure a little further, that our happiness and the happiness of others lies not in the direction of great striving, but rather in accepting good things at their full value. Here is an art gallery that charges no admission, a symphony where no box-seat ticket is required.

A bluejay, a good-natured scold, saucy, talking in expletives—he seems to be curious, or is he making fun of us? As we come to the higher ground, he seems to be following. Mischievous rogue, gay deceiver, his antics and his voice express a mood.

We come to a little clump of low brush on the level ground. A spot of white! Not much larger than a lady's handkerchief, but white and soft—a kid. From the distance, "ba-a-a, a-ap;" the mother goat is coming—coming fast. A nanny can butt as well as a billy—it is time to step back. "Ba-ap," and an answered "be-e-ep" as little kid streaks out to meet his mother. Evidently she had been watching us, but carefully keeping out of sight until we found her secret. Soft, cream-white, but surprisingly active, little kid thinks only of dinner.

High overhead, a buzzard; he circles and soars, and sails majestically. Master of the air, he tilts and floats and makes complete circles, and that without flapping a wing. Kite-flying time—and the boys might study the flight of the buzzard.

At the edge of the bank, where the slow-moving bayou has made a curve and meandered away, the grassy slopes and semi-circular floor form a natural amphitheater, with moss-draped trees concealing patches of water; patches, we say, but behind drapery—pendants of Spanish moss, cypress trees and a jolly little silver bell completely hung with silent chimes. The abode of spring. Not incense but the pervading fragrance of wistaria

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from drooping clusters of purple flowers; brightly colored butterflies—red, yellow, black and brown—drifting, poising, festooning over the flowers; a ventriloquistic cedar warbler and his “ter-wiz-zeee-e-e-e, che” or “tserr-weazy-weazy-weazy, cher-weazy;” and the Carolina wren, “whitt-yer, whitt-yer, whitt-yer, tee-kettle, double-tree, cher,” rippling soft arpeggios, swinging, singing the ever-swelling theme by tiny tinkling carillons. A dreamy wonderland; a stage, free, open; the fairy-plays of the world’s happiness.

Reagan Red Coats

The girls’ pep squad and bugle corps of Reagan Senior High School adds color and pageantry to the athletic events. The school colors, maroon and white, make snappy uniforms that set off the drill formations, “HR” and the Texas star, which are executed with the skill of naval cadets—irresistible, they accept the applause of the multitude.

Officers are: Marian Glen Zapp, president; Kathryn Maas, vice-president; Mildred Rose Eberspacher, secretary; Beverlee Sherwood, reporter; Elizabeth Weatherford, drum major; Beatrice Krueger, drillmaster; Leah Jamison, bugler; Grace Tomlin, drummer; Ramona Lantz, yell leader; Elizabeth Mills, Bonnie Dean Young, Dorris Stearns, Harriet Gesner, Hazel Trussell, drill officers. The sponsor is Mrs. Bernice Barker Gale; faculty director, Mrs. Bird C. Creekmore, dean of the high school.

An Industrial Giant

PETROLEUM is a monster. Gushing out of the ground, to be pumped and poured, transported through pipes, "cracked" into gasoline and a hundred other products, it furnishes fuel and heat, power released just when it is needed; it makes possible the mechanical birds and the rubber-tired caravan. Heraldng a new age, a faster age, oil has placed America at the head of the procession of industrial nations. An oil-age, we have the oil and we can deliver it.

The evolution of this industry has no parallel. It is work, rather than genius, that brings success. If a man would succeed in the oil game, he must work. Houston is the "oil capital" of the world simply because oil men have made it so. Either California or Oklahoma produces more oil than Texas, but advantages of location and transportation facilities, combined with some sort of a mental bias of the great captains of the industry, have drawn the organizations into an oil center where questions of policy are considered—and sometimes settled.

J. S. Cullinan is known as the "dean of Southwestern oil men." He was a pioneer; he blazed the way for modern oil development, and he is yet one of the big factors in the industry. Carrying a leading part in the development of the oil industry in Texas during the last thirty-five years—a hectic period—Mr. Cullinan's experiences might suggest one of Horatio Alger's heroes, but there is more accomplished by work and energy and less luck.

In drilling a well at Corsicana, they struck oil instead of water. There was little excitement; people did not understand the use of oil. But the mayor, James E. Whitesell, began corresponding with Mr. Cullinan, who was located at Washington, Pa. Mr. Cullinan was making a trip to California, and he

consented to stop off at Corsicana. He was met in Dallas by Governor Culberson, Mayor Whitesell and other prominent citizens. They looked over the field and entered into an agreement. Since there was no ready money in Texas for such an extensive enterprise, Mr. Cullinan went to Pennsylvania to organize a company. He succeeded in getting a hearing, and a number of men from Oil City, Washington and Pittsburgh agreed to furnish capital; but an adverse report of geologists caused them to cancel their agreement. This change of front, "backing out," was little less than a calamity. Pipe line material, and storage tanks for the refinery at Corsicana had already been bought; some of it had arrived and much of it had been shipped.

In this crisis, Mr. Cullinan corresponded with Calvin N. Payne of Titusville, Pa., and arranged to meet him in St. Louis. This conference resulted in bringing Henry C. Folger to the business, and with sufficient money to meet the emergency. The partnership formed by the three men—Payne, Folger and Cullinan—was known as the J. S. Cullinan Company.

E. R. Brown, president of the Magnolia Petroleum Company, got his big start in the oil business by building the refinery at Corsicana, and W. C. Proctor, a vice-president of the Magnolia Company, joined the Cullinan Company.

Finding a market for oil was a problem. Oil, instead of coal, as a fuel for locomotives was first tried at Corsicana. Mr. Cullinan and his brother, Dr. M. P. Cullinan, installed oil-burning equipment in a passenger engine on the Cotton Belt Railway. Oil proved a satisfactory fuel on the run from Corsicana to Hillsboro, and this was the beginning of oil-burning locomotives. This marked a new era in industry. Soon the best trains were using oil—freight trains, passenger, and now the modern streamlined, "oil-burners" represent the highest

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type. It is estimated that the American railroads use seventy-five million barrels of fuel oil a year, and its use is increasing. Not only for locomotives, but in the shops and the large industrial plants, fuel oil is being used instead of coal.

The use of oil on streets and roads was first tried out at Corsicana by the J. S. Cullinan Company. Mr. Cullinan noticed that the sand around the storage tanks was packed down so that it was not blown about by the wind. He soon decided that oil had been spilled or dripped on the loose sand. After some experiments, the streets of Corsicana were treated. The result was a new and extended use of oil.

Spindletop blew in on January 10, 1901, and the next year Mr. Cullinan went to Beaumont, joined Governor Hogg and associates in the Hogg-Swain syndicate, and they formed the Texas Fuel Company. This became the Texas Company, and its initial capital was less than \$100,000.

The Texas Company built the first pipe line from the oil fields in Oklahoma to the Gulf Coast and furnished the first fuel oil for the United States navy—another beginning that rapidly assumed the stupendous. Mr. Cullinan was president of the Texas Company for ten years, 1903 to 1913.

Corsicana was first, but the great era of Texas oil began with Spindletop at Beaumont. The boom days of Beaumont first record the names of some outstanding figures in the oil world of today: J. S. Cullinan, president American Republics Corporation; W. S. Farish, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Robert L. Blaffer, president of the Humble Oil and Refining Company; Harry C. Wiess, executive vice-president of the Humble Company; T. J. Donoghue, executive vice-president of the Texas Company.

The production of oil in Texas for 1900 was 2,119,000 barrels, but with Spindletop, the production for 1901 amounted

to 4,394,000 barrels. Even this is trivial compared to 378,-456,000 barrels in 1933. Great oil fields were discovered and brought into production faster than markets could be found. D. R. Beaty produced the first oil in the Humble field from Beaty No. 1—5000 barrels a day. W. T. Waggoner was drilling for water on his 600,000-acre ranch in Wichita County when they struck oil; and this was the beginning of the great Electra field. W. K. Gordon, a young engineer, discovered coal. This led him to investigate the area as a probable field for oil. Enlisting the help of the people of the town, "every man who could spend as much as ten dollars," he drilled to a depth of 3,235 feet; then his backers ordered him to suspend operations. On his own account, he drilled 200 feet deeper, and "made everybody in town rich." This became the Ranger field. The fame of Ranger was short-lived; Burkburnett came in with such force that it was the sensation of 1918. S. L. Fowler struggled against difficulties; he was about to give up, but his wife advised him to hold on a little longer. He took his wife's advice, and he brought in Burkburnett.

East Texas oil threatened to swamp the oil industry. The big oil companies had their representatives on the ground; they had plans, but the proposition was too big. C. M. (Dad) Joiner was one of the successful men.

George W. Strake is responsible for bringing in the Conroe field. Here the trading was done by the large companies, and orderly production was secured. The Humble Company bought a half interest in the Magnolia Company's holding for a consideration of \$10,000,000.

Houston is the terminus for practically all of the pipe lines from the great oil fields of the state, and it is one of the largest refining centers of the world. The petroleum industry is the life of modern business; it is truly American. At best, it

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possesses elements of chance, big gains, and big losses; it is a legitimate business that has some elements of real sport.

Radio Talk--The Texas Centennial

One hundred years up! Make the Centennial a hobby. Think Centennial. Talk Centennial. Plan Centennial. A worthy object. Work for the Centennial. Get the Centennial spirit.

Get the spirit of the pioneers. Warm your courage over the glowing coals of mighty deeds, deeds that cannot die out, deathless deeds, sacrifices of martyrs, world heroes. Have something to look forward to, an object, an event that may roll into clouds or break into flame, that may implant ideals.

Get awake, both eyes open. Start that mental machine—that million-dollar brain. Think up something. Make up your mind. Believe in yourself. Get the magnetic power of enthusiasm. Make others feel the electric spark of your intense earnestness. It takes a live wire to give a sensation. It takes belief, earnestness, to warm human personality.

Light the flame of your enthusiasm. Make it burn like a wax candle in Santa Claus' whiskers. Hard work was invented a long time ago; there is no substitute. Lift every ounce you can, and then whistle. You will make a better citizen. Your private business will run better. You will get joy out of life. Days will glide by on golden wings, and the nights will waft you into sweet dreams.

Paleontology and Oil

"**C**OAL is a fossil; oil and gas are fossil extracts."

How can rocks and fossils, crystals and granules, and the tools for their study—microscopes, binoculars and stereopticons—make a popular entertainment? The answer is, Oil.

Oil lubricates industry, heats buildings, runs enigues and enables some people to outrun the speed cops. This is pre-eminently the age of gasoline. When the word was passed around that representatives of some of the oil companies were putting on a demonstration, people began to be interested.

The appearance of a group of the leading paleontologists of Houston before the Outdoor Nature Club created so much popular interest that they are being asked to repeat the entertainment.

Mrs. John F. Weinzierl, chief paleontologist of the Maryland Oil Company, gave a lecture on trilobites, a form of soft-bodied, hard-shelled "little oysters that lived a few thousand or million years ago," and were very numerous just before the coal age. Her lecture was illustrated by lantern slides of the different forms of these ancient snails and clams, and the real surprise was how could anyone keep account of so many kinds. Their variations of form and size seemed to almost include all the living forms, yet the work of an oil geologist is to keep the classification straight so that the drillers may be sure just what strata of rock they are working.

Mrs. Weinzierl was positive that paleontologists could not tell where to drill for oil, but she was also positive that they could tell something about the kind of sand or rock in which oil could be found, and could tell when the drill had passed into the older formations in which oil is never found. Besides the

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lantern slides which were shown during the lecture, the trilobites were also shown by lithographs, and there was much illustrative material in the way of microscope slides.

Mr. F. W. Rolshausen, paleontologist of the Humble Oil Company, furnished an unusually interesting geological exhibit. There were deep-well specimens of very ancient life, petrified wood, fossil fish, obsidian glass—the Texas kind with the white spots—and numerous strata forms, just what the geologists can read so readily. With this exhibit, there were binocular microscopes, petrographical microscopes and some technical appliances that require special training in order to manipulate. But when the specimen is well set and all illuminated, one can but marvel at the wonders of colors and crystals that so easily escape the naked eye. The shading and coloring due to the breaking-up of rays of light by transparent bits of tinted rock-fragments cannot be described, it must be seen.

Mr. J. B. Miller, paleontologist of the Texas Company, gave a short lecture on the place of the oil-bearing strata in the ordinary cross-section of the part of the earth ordinarily penetrated by deep-drilling. Basing his calculations on the ordinary trilobites, it would seem that the earth was quite old, especially so when it was necessary for him to go down in the system of classification to about the twentieth place to find these persistent trilobites, "the neighbors of oil-bearing sand." His talk was received with enthusiasm.

Mr. Mark Hanna, paleontologist of the Gulf Company, furnished some stereopticon slides, which were especially interesting because they were so easily understood.

Mr. Karl Young, paleontologist for the Rycarde Oil Corporation, furnished some microscopes and slides which admirably brought out the principle of equal pressure, "much pressed into little." It is difficult to comprehend the immense pressure that

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must be encountered several hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth.

The moving pictures, furnished by Mr. John G. Montgomery of the Layne Texas Company, showed the essential facts of drilling deep wells, of handling pipe and meeting emergencies. This was a wonderfully graphic way of presenting the method of work and the difficulties of drilling a deep well; and it just fit in with the subject of the evening. With cores of rock, that were brought out by a drill among the specimens on the table, here was an exact reproduction of the act of making such drillings. It seems that the science of drilling has been brought to a very high degree of perfection.

Geology writes history in layers of rock. Certain forms of life existed in the period when oil was being formed. The exact work of the paleontologist is to examine the material brought out by the drill and to identify "oil-bearing strata," the strata above and the strata below. The only guide that the driller has is the material that is brought up by the drill; and the paleontologist must be depended upon to read the rocks, and to read them correctly.

In introducing one of the speakers, Mr. Rex Frazier, president of the club, tritely stated the present-day outlook: "While some people 'witch for oil' with a hazel switch or read the swastica in a glass marble, the great oil industries rely upon science. The path of science is yet a little dim, but the workers have confidence. Some day we may be able to locate all of the deposits of oil, and also to claim for use the seventy per cent that is left in the sand."

An Oil Well Afire

THE oil field was in a prairie. The land was fenced, but the roads had not been worked; they had been used in wet weather; and although it is dry, the ditches and holes make the driving of an auto as strenuous as it is dangerous. Our car, a six-passenger Buick, had to go in low for five miles.

From all directions, complete lines of headlights pointed towards the blaze which seemed to flash above heavy clouds. Our auto was parked about a mile from the fire, and we walked across a pasture. A bright light gleamed and played unsteadily; a column of flame held its place above rolling clouds—black, heavy clouds, fringed with red. Light to the prairie seemed to be strong; some people could be recognized one hundred yards away; but there was no penetration, no details in the shadows; a dark spot might be a hole or it might be a patch of thick-growing wild gourd vines.

As we came closer, the roar and rumble, the hissing and the unreasonable sputtering became almost deafening. High-pitched hiss would gather volume, expand into a quivering shriek and break into sharp-struck rumbling clatters. The ever-present roar would increase, come in waves so deep, penetrating and all-mastering that they would make the earth tremble. Rolling thunder; the powerful surge of a storm; force, man's insignificance, the faint-hearted, trembly feeling caused by a clap of thunder; but there the clap and roar, the breaking and spreading outburst of menacing explosions, the threatening pall of deep-toned voices suggesting the end of time, the shattering of the sphere.

In the strange, weird light, men are phantoms; they appear to be working in the fire, firemen, experts, technical oil-fire

fighters; they are all unreal—men of fire—in the strange, flickering light, uncanny, human torches; heat is real; light is real, and the thundering voice—we must accept the men.

Now a change. "She is veering!" "Move those cars." "Move the cars." "Get them back." Fifty autos are parked in a fairly regular line. "Owners, save your cars!" Officers direct the lines. "Keep back of the ropes." "The ropes!" "We are moving the ropes." "Keep back of the ropes."

"Save those cars." Some cars cannot be started, and crowds of men push them back to safety. All out but three: an old Ford, a large Hudson, and a Buick coupe. The Ford is quickly removed, but the other two are successfully locked. "Owner, save your car! Buick 40083." The heat is coming down, falling to the ground. "All back! All back!" "Keep back of the rope!" The owners of the Hudson come on the run—a woman and a mere boy. "You are too late. Stay back, lady." The car is hot, ready to explode. Officers force the woman and the boy back of the ropes. Seventy-five yards is regarded safe. Although it is sixty feet farther back, the Buick takes fire first. When the tank explodes, it is barely heard; like the tap of a drum, a little flash, and the car is ablaze. While it was less than a minute, it seemed that we waited something like an hour for the Hudson to blow up, and it hardly created a stir.

The heat was settling down, and we were being sprayed—with oil. Impossible! Yes, but it is oil. Lines are being placed, trenches and tunnels are dug, boilers are getting up steam. They will try "snuffing." The blackened frames of the two cars, the twisted steel derrick add force to the fire and thunder that defies the puny efforts of man. But man is an egotist. In spite of the menace, he is preparing to attack the monster. A little more shifting of the ropes; in every instance the people are crowded back. Groups of men take stations. Men rush

about. A signal whistle. Snapping and popping, a sputtering roar, clouds and a rumble, deep-toned thunders roll into one another, dark clouds lift the blaze, a band of darkness, the flames rise and flare in two directions, and then—darkness. We stumble around in the dark, and find our car. An experience—an experience of a lifetime! We must respect modern science.

First Texas Centennial Event

Gonzales, where the first gun was fired in the struggle for Texas independence 100 years ago, led with the initial official observance of a series of celebrations throughout the state during the entire year of 1936.

"The Lexington of Texas" held fitting ceremonies October 2, recalling the opening of hostilities, but that was regarded as a preliminary setting up for a full week's program, November 5 to 11, which was statewide. The smaller towns sent delegations and bands, pep squads and units for the parades and pageants, and the larger cities, Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, furnished some of the features of the historical parade which started after the booming of a brass cannon. Homecoming, pilgrimages to historic shrines, events of De Witt's colony, celebrations and orations—a speech by Governor James V. Allred, and a monster church service conducted by ministers from all parts of the state—musicals and military affairs, and an entertainment for school children sponsored by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas; it was given to Gonzales the honor of starting the Centennial in a big way—and they made good.

Writers of Texas

"Romance and Texas" contains a chapter, "Writers of the Southwest," which was responsible for more letters received by the author than all the other chapters in the book. Since it was impossible to answer the letters, this chapter will give some of the information requested, and make some changes. There was no attempt to make a complete list; omissions were inevitable, but each name mentioned has some claim to a place. A complete list of Texas writers would be very long—too long for the space available in these small volumes. Unless there is a special reason, an author who was discussed in the other volume can only be mentioned here.

O WNEN WHITE's "Out of the Desert," the historical romance of El Paso, is the most graphic and accurate account that has been written of any Texas city. El Paso is a good subject; this romantic history gathered impetus like a "movie thriller," very soon the book ran through three editions. Mr. White is also a poet.

They traveled slow but they traveled far,
They marked the spots where our cities are;
With onward turn of their wagon wheel
They marked the trail for our roads of steel.

But they marked their own trail with their bones,
They gave their lives, and no pointed stones
Rise up in the desert to say that here
Is the resting place of a Pioneer.

J. W. Torbett, M. D., Marlin, "Edgar Guest of Texas," the genial doctor who weaves his cheerfulness into poetry, effects cures with his rhymes as well as with his pills. A busy doctor, a leader among medical men, Dr. Torbett's first volume of poems, "Joytown Jingles," ran through three editions, and his

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latest book, "Pastime Poems of a Busy Doctor," bids fair to be even more popular.

A home is where love abounds
To light the path of duty;
Where homeless children here have found
That service makes life's beauty;
A home where friendless girls and boys
Are trained, with joy and laughter,
To love and live life's sweetest joys
While—here—and then hereafter.

Carl C. Taylor, "Dr. Taylor" of the University of Texas, is one of the "brain trusters" of the Roosevelt administration—and, some time that may be considered an honor. The author of three books, "The Social Survey," "Economic and Social Conditions of North Carolina Farmers" and "Human Relations," Dr. Taylor has made real progress in the field of sociology; he is human rather than "highbrow;" his philosophy of life is shown in the following quotation:

Leisure hours should be golden hours, hours in which beauty, art, religion, personal pleasure and social contacts are cultivated and made to bear fruit in larger lives. I use a little vacation period each year to build into my life things which are choked out during the year by the crush of work.

Marcellus E. Foster, "Mefo," editor of the *Houston Press*, puts literary elegance in popular discussions of the questions of the day. International relations, the merits of the "brain trust," fall hats or the fortunes of a stray puppy—anything becomes interesting that has received the "Mefo touch." His latest brochure, "Words," contains the following:

Watch well the words you use. Put them to work for the good of man; make them tell a truth that will be for the help of all, not for man's woe or for the wrong. It's the small word

—the word that has force in it, the word that comes forth like a shot from a gun—that tells our best thoughts. They teach the things that need to be taught—all that is best in life.

Frances Poindexter, poet and literary critic. There is a swing and an uplift in her verses. From "All the Year 'Round," this is the first verse in "The Call of the South":

There's a charm all its own in the Southland;
 There's a message that speaks without words
In the gentle caress of the sunbeams
 And the pure, lilting notes of the birds;
In the flowers that bloom so profusely,
 And the moonlight, so witchingly bright,
That woos with a sweetness insistent,
 And lulls with a sense of delight.

Stark Young, poet and novelist, has been professor of English at the University of Texas since 1907. "The Blind Man at the Window" brought him fame as a lyric poet, and he has published several dramas. "Guinevere" is usually rated as the best, but a sketch, "Addio" is most frequently quoted. "Feliciana," a novel just off the press, amounts to a study in character with vignettes of plantation life and scenes of the South, most faithfully drawn; it is not intended for a "thriller"—its appeal is to women of leisure who have culture and can appreciate careful details; it has less movement than "So Red the Rose."

When I pass out
 Let me be not a broken leaf that dies
And falls at night through the inmost gloom,
 But catch the color of the evening skies
And drift out on the after-glow and bloom
 As I pass out.

—“Last Leaves.”

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Allah Reeves (Miss), musician and poet, Fort Worth. Beauty in simplicity, her lines are natural music that throb with depth of thought. The theme of her volume, "Minatures," is given in the title poem:

My museum is hung with thought,
A gallery that my mind has sought;
Pictures on my life's scroll,
Images that speak my soul;
An art of simple taste—
Just miniatures encased.

"The Texas Bird Woman" is an unofficial title that has been conferred upon three women:

Mrs. Karle Wilson Baker, "Charlotte Wilson," Nacogdoches; "Birds of Tanglewood."

Kate Peel Anderson, "The Texas Bird of Paradise."

Mrs. Bruce Reid, Bessie Reid, Port Arthur, research bird student.

Paul Whitfield Horn, Dr. P. W. Horn, Lubbock, educator, lecturer and author.

Harry Van Demark, Ralph Victor, editor "Texas Magazine," "Texas Tradesman" and "Texas in a Nutshell."

George Pattullo, Bonham, wrote "Corazon."

Miss Katie Daffan, Austin, an industrious writer of articles, stories and poetry.

You have said a great deal about the best way to care for, control, coddle and entertain a husband; now, I would like you to tell me, if you please, the best way to get one.

— "The Woman on Pine Springs Road."

Eugene Lyle, born in Dallas in 1873. A versatile writer, traveled extensively.

Men in coonskin caps, men in sombreros, blanketed men, women in rebosas, in beads and fringed deerhide, some with babies wrapped to their breasts, children about in almost nothing at all, dogs sniffling, or yelping when kicked, roosters crowing—yes, it was a community of interest. It was a cock-fight.—From "The Lone Star."

Senator Morris Sheppard, Texarkana, orator and writer.

The weakness of men and governments stand out in startling contrast with the ideals that experience alone may understand. Contemplation imparts glory to the furrowed brow as in the silent sunset of a noble life, the storms and follies of a world become mere distant echoes. Society must learn again that services of unmeasured value may be rendered by the old.

—“A Tribute to Old Age.”

Harve Preston Nelson, editor the *Greenville Evening Banner*. His poetry is heart-throbs:

The day is song, the night is sweet—
The sun of love above me
Robes summer in a splendid garb—
It's all because you love me.

Mrs. Laura Bibb Foute, San Antonio, "Ruse D'Amour."

Mrs. Belle Hunt Shortridge, Terrell, poet, novelist and short story writer.

Hearts are rejoicing, and nature o'erflowing,
 'Tis peach-blossom time.
Bluebirds are mating, and billing, and cooing;
 Peach-blossom time,
Peach-blossom time with its wondrous elixir,
 Bounding along,
From tiptoe to temple; and oh! how the heartstrings
 Vibrate with song.

—“Peach-Blossom Time.”

HERE COMES TEXAS

Mary Whatley Dunbar:

I wouldn't trade jobs with Hoover—I much prefer to be a member of the staff of the daily paper in Mineral Wells, the medium size West Texas town. We hear the joys and sorrows of the public; we are targets for their anger and furnish shoulders for them to weep on. It's a great life, and we must not—never do—weaken. A paper hot from the press always has a thrill, even though we may know already what it contains.

Henry Ansley, "I Like the Depression."

Judd Mortimer Lewis, Poet-Laureate of Texas, is a savant of homemade philosophy; just people, lively boys and girls, weary fathers and mothers, as they must work and play together and make the best of life as it is lived, genial "Uncle Judd" offers advice and encouragement.

I've stood for almost everything iconoclasts have done;
I have seen life's idols fallin' inter fragments one by one,
An' I haven't made no murmurs; jest perhaps have heaved a sigh,
An' have watched them do their smashin' an' have put the fragments by.
But there's a length they daren't go, a length 'at ain't right,
An' when they tackle Santa Claus, by jing, they've got ter fight.

O. Henry (Sydney Porter) worked on the *Houston Post* with M. E. Foster, then he went to New York and wrote "The Four Million."

The cabby has his point of view. It is more single-minded, perhaps, than that of a follower of any other calling. From the high, swaying seat of his hansom he looks upon his fellow-men as nomadic particles, of no account except when possessed of migratory desires. He is Jehu, and you are goods in transit.

Be you president or vagabond, to cabby you are only a Fare.
He takes you up, cracks his whip, joggles your vertebrae and
sets you down.—From "The Cabby's Seat."

John P. Sjolander, "The Bluebonnet Poet."

Carl V. Jarrell is a real estate broker, a chamber of commerce official, a factor in big business affairs, but he finds recreation in the study of insect life and nature-photography; his best known work is "A Wasp Called the Mud-Dauber." His "symposium to Mother's Day," first published in the *Houston Post-Dispatch*, May 13, 1928, has been often quoted.

Sitting in her life's long winter waiting for spring. Yes, it may be your mother, or your grandmother. All mothers are vividly interesting, they alone of the human family have the love that does not grow cold with the years, the love that is kind and that endureth much. Go, by all means, and sit by her side, she may be a heroine and have played well the hand that fate has dealt her. You will find where glittering jewels cluster. She will tell you about the futility of most things material, for she has sifted much tinsel from the gold. She is more and more becoming detached from the strife and fever of today, and looks forward to the glad tomorrow. Perchance tiny hands are beckoning her, perhaps melancholy winds bring whispers from those loved ones gone before.

Davis Foute Eagleton, editor and critic, "Sidney Lanier."

Mrs. Mary Saunders, poet, "San Jacinto Day," "Texas."

Jacob Hayne Harrison, "Jake Harrison," "Fiddlin' Harrison."

Howell Lake Piner. Besides poems and short stories, he has an ethical book, "Builders of the Beautiful."

Beautiful ideals are stronger safeguards than battle-axes.

HERE COMES TEXAS

W. O. Huggins, Judge Huggins, orator and editor.

Miss Olive Huck, Edgemont, writer of stories for boys.

The hundreds of hoofs had ceased their patter—a sound in this dry region refreshingly suggestive of the swift fall of big raindrops.—“The Last Hunt of Dorax.”

Harry Lee Marriner, poet.

I know every picket upon the old fence,
Each tree I regard as a friend;
I love all the bushes that grow in the yard,
And gladly, how gladly, I'd spend
The whole of my fortune to have it once more.
—“Joyous Days: Then and Now.”

Bertha L. Meyer writes poems to help the cause of humane education.

Starved, beaten (oh grievous fate!)
Not one voice compassionate
Yesterday.
Kinder, wiser (oh better state!)
Many a voice importunate
Today.
Justice, Mercy (oh righteous fate!)
Every heart will dominate
Tomorrow.
—“A Challenge.”

Whitney Montgomery, Eureka, poet and nature writer.

I'm not advising any man to just sit down and wait
Till Fortune brings a lump of gold and lays it at his gate.
This world is just a battlefield, where men must fight to win,
And life will generally give back what you put in.

—“Always a Way.”

Edwin T. Dumble, geologist, "The Armadillo of Texas,"
"Volcanic Dust."

John A. Kirlicks, Judge Kirlicks, poet. His poetry is musical, clear and expresses feeling.

Now the dripping of the winter's rain
Comes again,
From the dank and humid curtain of the skies,
As it lies,
Low'ring dark and dismal like a gloomy pall,
Over all.
And the sharp and icy breath of winter heaves
All the leaves,
In the swirl of muddy rivulets that run,
As in fun,
With their load of rotted herbage from the lea,
To the sea. —“Reverie.”

Royal Dixon, a versatile and industrious writer; he has published twenty volumes, and they cover a wide range of subjects. Several of his books follow the general theme, "The Human Side" of plants, animals, birds, trees, etc. "The Human Side of Plants" is sometimes rated as his best work. Mr. Dixon spends much time in New York, but he yet claims Texas as his home.

How short-sighted is man! Even if he cannot realize that he is killing a fellow creature in feathers, a being which has joys, hopes, ambitions, and a well-filled life—one that is quite as necessary to the world's economy as his slayer—he ought easily to see that he is forcing to extinction an agency which is a conserver of civilization itself.—“The Human Side of Birds.”

E. R. Millis, Eugene Millis, editorial writer for the *Houston*

HERE COMES TEXAS

Chronicle, author of "A Song of Texas," which will be timely for Centennial year.

Let's rend these bonds of harsh reality;
Let's resurrect the years long gone and bring
To flesh again the storied men who rode
The stage of Texas in its spring.
Let's live again the days they knew;
Let's feel again the winds that blew
O'er scented fields and trees that grew
By mighty streams, in land as new
As e'er the sons of freedom drew.

Alfred W. Arrington, pseudonym Charles Summerfield, Methodist circuit rider, lawyer, judge of the Rio Grande district, wrote a novel, "Life Among the Lawless."

Pat M. Neff, ex-governor of Texas, president of Baylor University, orator and writer.

Every citizen owes a high and sacred duty to his country in peace as well as in war. To preserve in peace and perpetuate in power, by a life of unselfish civic service, the hopes of your government and the dreams of your people, is a duty no less sublime than to fight for your country when the god of war shakes his bristling bayonets and snaps his iron jaws.

William Lawrence Chittenden, "Larry," "the poet-ranchman of Texas," wrote "Ranch Verse" and "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball."

Loretta Janita Celasquez, Mme. Celasquez, was born in Havana, Cuba, grew up in Texas, served in the Confederate army in male attire as Harry T. Buford. Wrote "The Woman in Battle."

L. W. Kemp, historian.

J. Frank Dobie, professor in the University of Texas, active in the Texas Folk-Lore Society, has revived many of the old tales of a romantic past. His best work is probably "Coronado's Children."

Mary S. Fitzgerald, poet.

Old Mammy shakes her turbaned head,
And her ample sides ripple with laughter:
"Lawd have mussy on yu' soul, honey—
Don' yu know dat de Sandy Claws
Is fo' rich white chilluns?
He don't fool wid niggahs an'
Po' white trash—he don'—
Lawd he'p yo'r soul, honey!"

—From "An Etching."

Evaline Marshall, poet, "Goin' Back Home."

Just a smile now and then
From some kindly fellow man;
And it lifts us up again,
To struggle on.
—“Just.”

Someone to help them laugh,
And forget all about life's sorrow.
Someone to say, "Here's one who cares,"
And give them new strength for tomorrow.
—“Lonely Souls.”

George Bailey, "Early Morning Observations."

Mrs. Maude Mason Austin, "Real Life Stories," "Cension."

HUMANE ECHOES

By THEO. D. MEYER

(The Voice of the Voiceless)

Wild game should have the benefit of true sportsmanship.

Kindness to animals is not the big purpose of humane education—it is the reaction upon civilization; it is the making of character, and creates a sense of justice and fair play.

The great test of civilization is the way the people treat their animals.

Kindness

- pleads for brotherhood.
- shows a grateful heart.
- never sanctions that might is right.
- casts rays of hope.
- pleads to shoot with a camera, instead of a gun.
- is a language the deaf can hear and the dumb can understand.
- when practiced, becomes second nature.
 - is religion lived.
 - makes life worth while.
 - means a spiritual upbuilding.

Kindness, justice and mercy help us to distinguish between the power of right and the power of might.

Your character is mirrored by your treatment of dumb animals.

Be humane

- but not an extremist.
- but not a fanatic.
- but not a clown.

It is not the question, How long may we live? but how well?

Marile Lockhart (Mrs. W. E.), poet, lives at Canyon, but she makes prolonged visits in Galveston. Her longer poems have a mood, sometimes strengthened by a plot, which tend towards a single effect. "Angelique" is published in "Romance and Texas."

WISTFUL

I watched a glittering star fall—
It traced three words in its descent;
I gazed upon a lily growing tall—
'Twas cool and fragrant with its scent.
I turned to the speechless lily and said:
"You're a symbol—be pure—be true."
Across the sky these words I read:
I wonder—why—"I love you!"
The Star's wording, a bold acclaim;
The Lily's speechless, truthful sigh;
Left me—yet—feeling just the same:
So wistful—I know not why.

A LILY CUP

Should I spend lengthy time petitioning tonight?
I view outside my window, in pale moonlight,
A lily's carved petals, curving and white.
Prayer seems answered: God in sight.
I need only gaze on this lily, faintly sweet,
Or walk across to it with happy feet,
And touch its softness, cool and wet with dew,
Or hold it like a silvered chalice to you!

SIEGMYRGTH

(Joyful Victory)

An expression of God are you. A Man
Reaching toward a distant star.
Beautiful! Live! O Man, live! You can
Never allow your being so fine, searching afar,
To get entangled—caught in a web to hinder,
When your mind speaks. Be your own best
Listener! Your glowing body of splendor,
That needs—sometimes—to dream and rest.
One personable, may—radiantly poised and true,
Command an audience of a vast host,
Who await the leadership of you!
Making a path that may automatically boast
Your leadership. Nor, yet dare fall short that star
That marks *only* the fame of distinguished men!
Beloved! You are accepted truly for what you are.
A new day—a glad day—wide awake.
To realize yesterday's unknown possibilities.
Dear Heart, I fear you may tire of my song—
Told contritely—humbly. And I know liabilities
Creep in to dare to entreat you with long
Speech. This plea—I implore—for Love's dear sake.
You make of yourself—knave, or king.
But oh, I know your body is lovely—a singing thing.
Walking! Swinging free up toward the Sun,
A well-muscled Man of perfection, my lovely one!
Yesterday, I sang to you of battles great,
And the men whose souls still live.
What about *you*? You are not one to wait:
These same ideals are reaching out to give
To every man whose far-flung might
Searches out and takes the sure way.
Here you are: Gloriously well—for fame to fight.
Filled with laughter and happiness—today!
Except by an Omnipotent One—I'd say—

You need not discipline by any. By no means meek,
Yet yourself you well master. Mind kept gay
And clean of worldly things that seek
To enter to hinder the manliness of thee—
I repeat—I speak not as one
Who knows too much—idle speech free—
Nor even as one left—too much alone!
But I *know* when a mind and body is fine.
And when a musical chord is charming—
Words are only the embodiment of an idea sublime,
But I have my expressive thoughts, and alarming
Aspirations, that cry out my soul's creed.
Eager and exquisite, it touches the chalice and tastes the wine;
And translates experiences—and my need—
Charmingly into knowledge, sweet as thine.
Magnificent one! Responsive liveness! Soul of mine!
So like a spirit lifted into glorious sunshine:
Two mutual souls—blending—form *one* sublime!

Max Bentley, editor of the *Abilene Reporter* and feature writer for Eastern magazines, brings to his work an unusual dash and elegance; crisp and vigorous to catch and hold the attention, yet with a beauty almost poetic he illuminates any kind of a subject. The following quotation from *Harper's Magazine* is given as a model in a college textbook, "The Magazine Article," by Robert P. Crawford:

SMACKOVER, AND SEEKERS OF OIL *By MAX BENTLEY*

Oil—and Arkansas.

"Oil," said Franklin P. Lane, "draws railroad trains and drives street cars. It pumps water, lifts heavy loads, has taken the place of millions of horses, and in twenty years has become a farming, industrial, business, and social necessity. The naval and the merchant ships of this country and of England are using or being fitted to use it. The airplane has been made

possible by it. It propels the modern Juggernaut, the tank. In the air it has no rival, while on land and sea it threatens the supremacy of its rivals wherever it appears. There has been no such magician since the day of Aladdin as this drop of mineral oil. Medicines and dyes and high explosives are distilled from it. No one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Men search for it with the passion of the early Argonauts, and the promise now is that nations will yet fight to gain the fitful bed in which it lies."

It is oil that has put the state of Arkansas in gold letters on the financial map. It is oil that has made the south of Arkansas the busiest rural corner on that map and trumpeted the lie to the sort of thing you read about in "*The Arkansas Traveler*."

Oil, like gold and diamonds, is the magnet that catches up that marvelous mechanism known as the human body, disarranging its inner works, throwing it out of time.

Oil is the tide that, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune—and to madness. Where oil is, there is more excitement to the square foot, more expended brain and muscle and sinew, more money made—and lost, more lives made—and wrecked, than in any place on earth where the goal is in the raw and not in the finished product. Where oil is, life is—raw life, lived tempestuously and unevenly.

Of such is the town of Smackover, state of Arkansas, disturbed from its slumber by a babel of voices and the shock of machinery—Smackover, for the moment a turbulent cross-current in the heretofore quiet stream of life flowing through the placid basin of the willow-hung Ouachita. This sketch deals with Smackover—and oil.

Alice Bruce Currin, feature writer, was with the *Houston Post*, and then became editor of the *Heights Star*; she left that position to take up publicity writing. She is at her best with old stories with real history for a background, which she can endow with life and interest—some connection with a busy and fast-moving age.

Bess Whitehead Scott (Mrs.), feature writer and dramatic critic for the *Houston Post*, attains a built-up organization capable of carrying a variety of details as a part of the general theme; vivacious and chatty, her work shows a grasp of the subject and a careful plan of structure.

Famous "firsts" make this little city (Gonzales) with its plazas and boulevards, extending seven miles each way and in great squares, a fitting place for the Centennial opening.

Here was fired the first shot in Texas' war for independence. Here was formed the first council of war after hostilities commenced. The first and only settlement to answer the call of William B. Travis from the Alamo, Gonzales sent thirty-two of her bravest to die with Travis' band.

Here the first battle flag of the Texas revolution was made and unfurled in the face of the enemy—the famous "Come and take it" flag placed defiantly on the little brass cannon which the Mexicans had demanded the colonists to surrender.—"Pageant at Historic Gonzales."

M. E. Tracy, "Tracy Says."

Clarence Wharton, Judge Wharton, orator and historian.

Dr. William States Jacobs, pulpit orator and after-dinner speaker, pastor of the Independent Church of Houston.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, novelist, lived in Austin ten years. She wrote fifty-nine novels. "Remember the Alamo" and about twelve others are built around events and routine life in Texas.

Lucille D. Goodlett, Mrs., author of "Walk God's Chul-lun."

Alligators of San Jacinto River

“O -OONCH, oo-oon-oo-oonch, oo-oo-oon-o-onch-oo-oo-on.”

The bellow of the alligator sends a shudder through the swampland jungle. A quality of menacing brutality, a threat of brute force swayed only by a whim, an overflow of pent-up passion—it seems but a warning that an ugly brute is astir and that to interfere with him means a fight to death.

Like other forms of wild life, the alligator is disappearing from the slow-moving San Jacinto. However, a boat ride up the river from the Houston Ship Channel will usually reveal one or more fair-sized alligators dozing at the edge of the tule grass. But the larger ones, “the ole bull ‘gators,” can only be found in the deep recesses of jungle-protected swampland lakes.

In describing the trip of the Outdoor Nature Club with Dr. Vinal, the writer mentioned a search for alligators. Several people who read the story were inclined to differ with the general impression that alligators are not always to be found easily, even in the season when they are supposed to be out. One critic avers that “you’d have to blindfold a man to keep him from seeing a full dozen ‘gators” on the south shore of the lake any afternoon in April. It is the luck of the chase. Sometimes the game is not to be seen, and why?

My field notes of the day were faithfully given. Possibly it was an unusual day. At any rate, it has been a great pleasure to meet some of the few men who know these overflow lands from personal contact. The alligator is a part of the landscape, “the grunt-en-est varmint that out-loudens the boom-boom bird.” The “boom-boom bird” is the bittern, and his “booming” must be good to entitle him to a place as a vocalist where

ALLIGATORS OF SAN JACINTO RIVER

the great horned owl hoots, the spotted bullfrog "jug-ur-ums" and the "ole bull 'gator" roars.

The early settlers were obliged to wage warfare against the alligators when they were numerous and bold. While they would eat dogs, chickens, ducks and geese, they acquired a special taste for young pigs. When the hogs would seek the shallow, muddy water on a hot day, an alligator would slide among them, just seeming to float almost entirely submerged. Sometimes there would be one sharp squeal as a pig was drawn under; then the others would run for their lot in great excitement. The older hogs would bristle up and clash their jaws together, but the pig that was pulled under water was never seen again. In a day or two, the hogs would be back at the same place again.

Sometimes the alligators would leave the ditches and make real raids on the barnyard during the night. A large alligator is not afraid of a dog; even a fierce bulldog must keep out of the range of that heavy-swinging tail. Probably the desire for the sport of the chase also entered into the case when hunting parties were formed with men and boys. They would find a sluggish old alligator half asleep, and with an iron hook or gig fastened to the end of a long pole they would spear the reptile in the mouth or about the lower jaw.

The element of danger added zest to the occasion. Everybody must keep out of range of the great jaws and the sweeping tail, but the animal was comparatively helpless. Any small boy could deliver a blow and get away fast enough to escape the terrible sweep of the enraged reptile. In some instances, a long pole, so heavy that two or three men were required to handle it, was simply thrust into the open mouth. Once enraged, the alligator would fight with terrific intensity, and the sport of killing an alligator would assume the boisterous, the

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hilarious, when excited shouts and laughter would echo from the distance.

Though he is dull-witted and sluggish, the alligator soon acquired an innate fear of man. Seldom will he attack a man without a real good reason. Knowing this trait, some men have been recklessly bold in walking into a herd of alligators. George Piping would shoo the alligators into the water; he would walk straight at a big 'gator, yelling "oo-onch," and while the old fellow would open his mouth, threaten, and sometimes snap, he would back off and slip into the water.

One hot afternoon, George was riding a "buckskin pony" when they came to a place where several alligators were basking in the sun. Without ceremony, George rode among the alligators. There was no great stir, but most of the saurians were soon out of sight. One old fellow retreated very slowly, and as he happened to be directly in front of the pony, George gave him a good "cussin'." The pony was a little timid, and the tirade was directed partly to him, but mostly to the "oo-nching coward." There was a splash, a lightninglike stroke, and horse and rider were knocked into the water. The other members of the party came and helped the man and the horse to get out of the muddy water. The old 'gator did not follow up his advantage, after the strike. He stood his ground for a minute or two and then slowly slid into the deeper water. The man was not hurt, but the horse had a leg broken and finally it had to be killed.

Instances have been known in which the alligators left the part of the river where small boys were swimming or fishing. One small colored boy attained some reputation by "teasing the 'gators." About the age of ten, and small for his years, this reckless boy would take a stick and "trounce 'em 'gator." Little "alligator bait" would walk straight at a big fellow and begin

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to strike it with a stick. In most instances, the alligator would raise up, threaten, and then back off.

One big fellow refused to move after the boy had struck him several times with a stick. For some reason, the boy quit striking him and came away. A minute later a small dog came up to the place where the boy had stood, when the alligator struck. "Like wakin' the dead, ole 'gator was in the air, his tail floppin', mouth open. Knocked into dumbness, the dog was kinda stretched out. A scoop of the big mouth only got a leg, but after some wallerin' around, the whole dog was in the mouth, an' before we could do a thing, that dog was all the way down the 'gator."

A good story is told of "Uncle Epp, the shoutenest camp-meetin' nigger in these parts." He would often sing at his work, and his singing was loud. "Ole Epp was a-fishing fur minnows, an' a whole passel ob 'gators was sunnin' themselves. Sum ob um were several lengths up the bank. When he squeaked out, 'Dey's draggin' me down to glory,' two men who happened in hearing distance thought he was trying sum camp-meetin' with the fishin'. 'Say, that was a moanful squeal; sounds like an ole 'gator had him by the toe.' And with a little more listenin' they tore out."

Uncle Epp was down in the water, splashing and yelling—no singing about it. An alligator was dragging him towards the deeper water. As the men rushed in, the alligator raised his head above the water and with the same motion he let loose of the man. But Uncle Epp kept yelling: "Dey's draggin' me down to glory." Even after they had him out on the bank, the wounded man kept repeating: "Dey's dragging me down to glory." When they succeeded, after much effort, in stopping that song, Uncle Epp struck up: "My ole leg's done et up." This was repeated over and over as the men carried him, help-

less and limber, towards his cabin. It was a long ways to carry a man, and they had to stop to rest. One of them happened to notice that there was no blood running with the muddy water. When they made a closer examination, there was not a scratch on the old man's leg. Evidently the alligator had been holding to the clothing. Uncle Epp was able to walk the rest of the way home, and the near-tragedy became a neighborhood joke.

Dr. George W. Truett

"Conspicuous and outstanding among the Baptists of the world is Dr. George W. Truett, president of the Baptist World Alliance and pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dallas. Quiet, unpretentious, he has preached more sermons, addressed more audiences, dedicated more churches, spanned more miles, led more souls to Christ, given away more money, helped more distressed pastors and churches, conferred with more heart-broken men and women, lifted more loads and made more personal sacrifices than any man I have ever known."—J. B. Cranfill, in the *Houston Chronicle*, November 3, 1935.

The Pileated Woodpecker

“**Y**OU can tell a wood-chopper by his chips.”

A sonorous “cou-cou-cou” rolls through the tangled woods. The padded jungle softens and subdues the harsh, boisterous laugh so that it becomes a pleasing bird-call. Like carnival music, intended for the noisy streets, the call of the “great black woodpecker” belongs in the deep woods.

But even when ringing through this forest of columnar cypresses and giant magnolias, the boisterous bird-laugh is a master call; the wood-folk seem to listen. Other voices are hushed as the echoes fade out among masses of foliage and tangled vines. Soon the metallic “cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut” of frog penetrates the silence as from afar off, and as if coming from all directions it swells the chorus of fiddlers and minnie-singers, the “tsip, tsip, tsip” of a cardinal, a soft dovelike “coo, coo, coo, coo” of a bittern and a ringing “chip-er-ree, chip-er-ree, chip-er-ree, chip” of a Carolina wren.

The wild grape is in bloom. In the midst of a group of many-pointed palmate leaves, a short stem bears a cluster of tiny yellow flowers around which blue-winged wasps, dusky pollen flies and steel-gray flower beetles are buzzing, working, investigating. Into their midst flies a great yellow swallow-tail butterfly, a marvel of riotous coloring with exquisite blendings, but entirely too large to be among such tiny blossoms; he should leave these little flowers to the little beetles and wasps.

.. A dangling vine of smilax shows tender pink leaves, pale green and a few traces of the “blotch” pattern; almost like a hothouse plant, this tender vine is paying for its protection by a lack of sunshine—no bright sunlight, no leaf-green—like a potato sprout in a damp cellar. This hardy smilax is pale and frail, but it is exquisitely beautiful. A Virginia creeper is

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almost ready to open its scarlet trumpets and to proclaim a general invitation to the sparkling hummingbirds and the nectar-sipping hawk moths.

Again the "cou-cou-cou" is rattled into the woods, this time much nearer, but the "rattle" and the echo seem to make the direction uncertain. We hasten to the place. Not a dead tree in sight. Have we passed the tree? What are those large chips? Sure enough, when you look for a pileated woodpecker, look for the chips. Four-inch chips of green cypress, a basketful of chips, some of them six inches long. Surely this should identify a real wood-chopper.

High up in a large cypress, a blue-black bird about as large as a crow is standing on the side of the tree. Just now he is not working; possibly he is watching us. He turns his red top-knot to one side, sidles around the tree and flops into the air. With a loud "kak, kak, kak, kak, kak, kak," he flies away through the dense woods. But how can such a large bird thread his way among trees and vines and yet have time to talk about it?

A cypress swamp is not much like the mountain woods, yet the first acquaintance the writer ever had with a giant wood-pecker was in the mountain woods of Pennsylvania. The bird was clinging to the side of an old half-decayed stump, a great blue streak set off by a red topknot and a streak of white feathers, and he was so busy getting ants out of the rotten wood that we had plenty of time to look him over. In the same woods we found a rotten log that had been almost torn to pieces and scattered about by one of these industrious wood-peckers when searching for ants.

But here in an overflow swamp, where the sluggish San Jacinto River meanders slowly beneath the pendant drapery of Spanish moss, we find the great "log-cock" digging into live

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER

wood to make a nesting hole. After a considerable observation, but only from the ground, we find another hole on the same tree. It is a large oblong hole about three and a half inches across, worked out of solid wood. There is some loud pounding near the edge of the swampland lake; no ordinary woodpecker could make such master-strokes. Then the "cou-cou-cou" rings out, loud and penetrating. The master-chopper is at work; his strokes are loud and his voice is loud. At home in the deep woods, where the luxuriant jungle-growth serves as a silencer, he can clatter and laugh in the most boisterous manner without great attention.

The thick layer of padded leaves serves as a carpet to deaden the sound, and we approach with caution. Nevertheless, the wise old bird swings himself into the air and disappears among the trees. But soon he sends the derisive "kak, kak, kak, kak, kak, kak" ringing through the treetops. Surely we can look over his tree. Some forty feet from the ground, we note his work: the regulation oblong hole of immense size. But there are chips under another tree near by; they are large chips, and there are plenty of them. The hole should be just above the biggest heap of chips, and these chips are spread out in a sort of fan shape, the thickest part of the heap being about ten feet from the trunk of the tree. For a time, we are unable to locate the source of so many chips.

As we are staring into the treetop, a head is pushed out, and soon a great bird fully seventeen inches long flops into the air. There is some red on the head, but we miss the red topknot. In this case, the topknot is blue-black like the general color of the bird; but for size and shape this bird seems to be an exact duplicate of the two birds that we had just flushed. The female pileated woodpecker. Just to make sure that there is no mistake, she flings back a "keck, keck, keck, keck-ee-kuu." The

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difference between the calls is obvious. Although they are about the same size and of the same general color, it is an easy matter to distinguish the sexes.

The pileated woodpecker (*phloeotomus pileatus pileatus*) belongs in the deep woods. Inseparably dovetailed into an environment of big trees and immense foliage, a museum specimen mounted on a papier-mache perch, or even a living bird in a zoo, is but a pitiable caricature of the majestic "cock-of-the-log."

One of the most novel and picturesque birds that is almost a memory, since it is almost extinct, probably there are as many of these large woodpeckers yet living in Texas as there are any place in North America. Those dense, lowland cypress swamps along the San Jacinto River can never be reclaimed for cultivation. In fact, there is a vast area of wild wastelands that is fit for nothing that would really yield a greater return to the civilization of the future than to simply give it over to the "big black woodpecker" and his associates. Let this curiosity of craftsmanship and peculiar mannerisms pound and laugh, inspire and excite the curiosity of weary city-dwellers. Keep him in his wild, untamed environment, that generations following us may enjoy some of the lavish beauties, some of the wonderful and unique experiences that were ours. The pileated woodpecker is one of the birds that is just passing out of existence—an oddity that is fading out of the landscape.

The famous European ornithologist, Dr. H. E. Dresser, made one trip to the United States some sixty years ago, and he mentions this wonderful bird as "the big bird in the big state (Texas)." We need wild-life preserves in the lowland swamps of this "big state." Like the wild Indian, this bird cannot be civilized; he must be preserved in his environment. With the night herons, the blue herons, the woodcock, the

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER

snake-necked water turkey and the wood duck, let the great "log cock" continue to pound among the old, old cypresses, the century-old magnolias and the decrepit sweetgums that grow on the overflow lands where the great turtles make a double line of awkward tracks through the sand as they go ashore to lay their eggs.

Outdoor Nature Club Houston, Texas

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Was It Murder?

(A DOG STORY)

WHEN Sandy opened the door of the warehouse, Old Bozo thrust his head up and whined; he took a step or two backwards in the room, raised his paw and whined again. An intelligent dog, Old Bozo could communicate thoughts, if he could not talk.

A heavy dog, jet black, his eyes shone; he had a story to tell.
"Well, lead me to it. What is it?"

The dog turned around and went back through the room to the steps leading down cellar. After making sure that Sandy was following, he went slowly down the steps. The light was dim, but Sandy saw something on the floor at the other end of the cellar.

When he was sure that it was a man, Sandy hurried upstairs to call others. The dog dropped down on his haunches and waited. Several men came with Sandy. The dog got up, uttered a faint whine, and stood watching them while they were examining the man. There was evidence of a struggle and some lacerations about the throat and neck.

The little narrow skylight window was open; the man had climbed down and met the dog. Since the dog had been placed there after the warehouse had been broken into the second time—a watchman doing his full duty—the crowd praised the dog.

But when they got the man unstairs, some one suggested, "I believe that is Sim Bratcher," and speculation was added to excitement. Sim had been a well-known character about the town; he had a reputation as a worthless poacher, a second-class decoy for a crooked game; but he had been gone two

years, and there was a fast turnover in population. They could not be sure of the identification, but a sister of Sim Bratcher was living there yet, and she was sent for.

Hulda, a frail, slatternly woman, half-dressed, came running down the hill, followed by her husband, Bert Wesson, a "half-shed banty rooster man," inspired by the importance of the notoriety. Other people were coming from the hill, but the Wessons were leading the field.

Hulda began screaming before she saw the man, and Bert was talking of killing the dog. How did they know it was Sim before they looked at the body? "Billy Hines said so." Billy denied stating it that way; his version was, "They think it might be Sim." Then why didn't Hulda begin screaming at the house? Why did she run a quarter of a mile before she screamed? Someone suggested that she was too far away from the crowd.

But the dead man was Sim Bratcher. All of the clues confirmed the actions of the dog, that the man simply entered through the window and was killed by the dog. Older settlers reconstructed stories of family quarrels, and even fights, when Sim was staying with his sister; and someone confronted Bert with a boast made soon after Sim left, that "Sim had better not come back to the diggin's."

The Wessons were demanding that the dog be killed immediately, and Sandy was unpopular. Old Bozo was a typical one-man dog; he was devoted entirely to his master; yet he had real character; he attended to his own business; he seemed to have a code, and he was admired by people with whom he permitted no intimacy. There was another complication: too much killing in town had brought about an agreement that killers must be hanged.

The discussion became a formal trial, and the dog knew

what they were talking about; he would look at the person who was talking; sometimes he would twitch an ear, lift a paw or shift about nervously. As a prisoner, he was a good witness for himself; his deep, yellow, honest eyes met those of his accusers with a steadiness that they could not meet. Bert launched into a tirade which was really beside the subject, telling how dangerous the dog was and dramatically calling out: "Kill the brute. Kill the brute." At this point Old Pete Hill broke in: "Tell the dog, Bert. Look him in the eye and tell him." Bert was foolish enough to try the suggestion, but he welched when he tried to stare into those deep, steady eyes.

The Wessons were finally through with the tirade, something of a stunt; it had entertainment value. Sentiment was in favor of the dog. But Sandy's enemies came forward, and it seemed that everyone who had a grudge against Sandy was determined to take it out on the dog.

Little Bill Harky slipped out of the room, and a few minutes later Old Aunt Het Fagley saw him climb the fence and take the short-cut to Rock Creek Camp. Since she lived at the edge of town—the upper edge—Aunt Het knew nothing about the trouble, but she seemed to know much about Little Bill. "Now what's that sneakin' varmint up to? He's harn somebody say something, an' he's hurryin' to tell it afore he forgets it."

Sandy was a killer; he had killed at least three men, but in each instance, it seemed that the fight was fair. In those times, that could hardly be considered a distinction; there were other killers in town. But Sandy had property, and it is hard to think well of a man who has more worldly goods than his neighbors.

As one after another would harangue the crowd—and most of them entirely off the subject—people began to watch Sandy.

Men became nervous; they would shift about in the room. The dog stood up, and he was on the alert; he would look at Sandy, and then at some individual.

Sandy had taken no part in the proceedings. When he was asked if he had anything to say, he replied: "You go ahead, I'll have my say when the time comes." By some, this was taken to mean that he would fight, and that meant killing.

But people were warmed up to the subject. One man declared that a man-killing dog running around town was a constant danger, and "how can you tell who will be next?" Sentiment was against the dog.

The little hunchback barber got the floor. "Me gosh! We are making a lot o' talk about nothing. Sim Bratcher was nothing, and nothing is the price of Hulda and Bert."

Hulda tried to break in, but loud cries came from all parts of the room: "Shut up!" "You've had your say." "Enough of your gab." "Put 'em in a sack. We drown blind kittens."

Then Sheepman Joe walked slowly into the open space. A big man, checkered woolen jacket, long mustache, very deliberate, his tones were so low he was asked to repeat. "This thing is going too far, and it is not being steered right. We'll go on the raffles with a splash. Let us leave Sandy out of it, and Bert out of it, and Hulda out of it, and just talk about Bozo."

"That's right. That's right," came from the crowd.

After an awkward wait, Sheepman Joe continued: "Just talk about Bozo, a human kind of a dog. He was guarding the place, and a man was crawling in at the window." He stopped talking, but he kept his place, like a school boy who had forgotten his speech. But the crowd helped him. "You are right, Joe." "Put her there." "I'll back you."

Some confusion at the door, a half dozen men crowding

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themselves in. "The Rock Creek men!" It was the Rock Creek men with Little Bill Harky. People gasped. The Napier's, Tobe and Don, who were in charge of the Rock Creek camp, were dangerous enemies of Sandy; he had won a contest over some land. Now they were pushing themselves through the crowd, and Tobe was in front.

The crowd opened up just a little so that the Rock Creek men could edge through, single-file and a little ways apart. In this manner, Tobe came to the open space first, and as he turned, he was face to face with the dog. As though taken with a sudden impulse, he reached for his gun. But he had barely brought it into sight when Bozo made a step and lowered his body for a spring.

"Hold. You're covered. The first shot gets you." It was Sandy, and his gun was pointed at Tobe's breast.

A tense moment. Tobe held still, and the dog held still; not a sound, not a movement in the crowd.

After a long pause, Sheepman Joe raised both of his hands. "Steady, steady, men. We're all set for a lot o' killin'. Let's have nerve enough to talk it out. Tobe, you're in a hole. Be careful. Put your gun back, an' let your hand come back slow, slow an' flatwise. Raise both hands like mine."

Just a little motion in the crowd, and a low voice: "Hold still." "And Sandy?" But his weapon was out of sight, and he was raising his hands. "Now men, let's get our hands down. Not reachin' around guns; play square," said Joe.

In his deliberate way, Joe spoke: "I take it that you men who just came in did not have the lay o' the land. We were tryin' to talk this thing out, lettin' each man have his say, an' the rest of us bein' respectful, an' listenin'. Now, if anyone wants to talk, we'll listen."

No one came forward. It was an awkward pause. Some-

one in the crowd called out: "Finish your speech, Joe." And someone else repeated it: "Yes, give us the rest of your talk."

"Well, things get muddled. Too much that don't concern this case bobs up. Who owns Bozo is not the question. Did he break our law? I was speakin' for the dog. We must be fair to the dog. My feelin' is that Old Bozo done just what he was supposed to do. We're not tryin' him for bein' dangerous, or for belonging to Sandy."

After a long pause, Joe continued: "We're tryin' this dog for killin' Sim Bratcher, and I am in favor of givin' him a clean bill."

When Sheepman Joe moved slowly back into the crowd, it was a charged silence. Following one another's eyes, many people were watching the dog. Old Bozo, a one-man dog, had deliberately left his master and was rubbing his nose against Joe's legs; Joe looked at him, put his hand on his head, and the dog returned to his master.

There was a different light in the dog's eyes. The trial was over. Many people stood in the street and watched Sandy going home, with Bozo at his heels. In a little while the neighbors heard some confusion in Sandy's yard. "Ike, ike, ike" and the cheerful squeals of a romping child; Old Bozo and an Indian girl, who lived on the place, were having a real game.

"Old Bozo is celebrating."

"Yes, Old Bozo is celebrating."

West Texas

"Mountains and canyons, caverns and gorges, wonderlands of the last frontier of a continent."

WEST of the law, west of the water, barren reaches of sand and loneliness lift an uncertain skyline into the trembling heat-waves of an inferno that has no bounds. But it is contrasts that make beauty attractive, that make impressions graphic. Gorgeously colored mountains lift up and tower 7000 feet; after many hours of monotonous sand and cactus, these give a thrill.

The Big Bend of Texas has been neglected because it was inaccessible; few people cared to cross the plains and fewer were willing to scale the rugged walls; but the modern automobile and modern methods of road-building have changed all this. There were so many roads to build in the older and the thickly settled parts of Texas that we are just beginning the conquest of the mountains and canyons. Spanish names. The Sierra del Caballo Muerto is broken by the Rio Grande—better say that the river pushes around through a break in this range of mountains.

It is slow going after you leave the highway. While the landscape may appear comparatively regular, there are surprising difficulties at the edges of a mesa or in crossing a narrow saw-tooth canyon. An isolated mesa, with no lure of gold or invitation of a fertile valley offering fruit or grain, this region has been hardly disturbed since Cabeza de Vaca happened into it in 1536.

Canyons that suggest the Royal Gorge in Colorado or the site of Boulder Dam, Las Vegas, Nevada—new and yawning—these sharp, precipitous chasms yawn from a depth that is

dark and threatening. Broken and irregular, sharp pinnacles are more frequent than poised boulders, but there is ever the feeling of dizzy uncertainty. It may be perfectly safe to walk out to the edge of a precipice, but somehow there is a pull from which you shrink; the yawning chasm seems to be hungry.

The outlook around Alpine does not suggest the character of the mountains or the canyons of the Big Bend country. The Chisos Mountains are new, sharp and colorful; it is more of a group than a range. It is less than twenty-five miles long and twelve miles wide, but it contains some rather formidable mountains—Lost Mine Peak, elevation 7550 feet, and Crown Peak, 7186 feet. From where we stood on the edge of the deep canyon, the mountains loomed large, but there were several miles of flat tableland, tinged with green and brown, to form a sort of setting for the picturesque “mantilla-swung” Chisos.

A primitive land. Travel a half day without seeing a human being or an evidence of the works of man. But a collection of immense stones attracted our attention from a distance—stones of various shapes, tossed about or piled helter skelter as they dropped from a mountain. The trail becomes definite; it is almost a road that winds around bunches of prickly pear and through patches of thorny bush, but always in the general direction of the stones. Across a narrow ditch, a group of peccaries stand for a minute; they tip their heads in a listening attitude, and clatter their jaws; then they fade into the chaparral. Not very pig-like; they are too light on their feet.

As we come near the rocks, more of the gray-black, slender, pig-like peccaries scamper across the open space for the nearest brush. An old camp site. Tin cans and the remnants of a

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camp fire; besides there were protected places among the rocks where people might have rolled in their blankets for a night's rest. The trail leads back, around an immense rock formation, and up to a shelf on the side of the mountain. Here was a wonderful view of a large area, but there was a monotonous sameness to the great stretch of comparatively level plains sparsely covered with dark spots of cactus and gray-green chaparral.

This is a land of distance; if things seem to be crowded in some places, there is ample opportunity to get back into open country. Returning to the road, we traveled many miles over level plains before we came to a series of hills. And soon, the clay domes! Something of a shock. My first impression recalled "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes" in Alaska—not that these volcano-like peaks and domes of clay and sandstone had any features that struck a real comparison, but there was a similarity in the mental shock; I was abjectly unprepared for the picture. I had seen no picture, I had read no description, that prepared me for a fairyland of miniature domes and peaks, spires and monuments, glinting the slanting sun and offering a play of colors—red or rose-red or pink, white or ashen, blue or black—miscellaneous jumbled together, big and little, in the attitude of a comedy or tragedy, just like a page from Mother Goose or Grimm's fairy tales. It is a mood that quickly passes, but the spell is a wonderful elixir. Some of these clay domes are 15 or 20 feet high, others are about 300. "The Garden of the Goops" in Wyoming, with its suggestion of comedy or levity, offers some comparison to this dreamland of nursery rhymes, that seems as a rippling smile before the sublime grandeur of the Chisos Mountains and the Grand Canyon of Texas.

These clay domes are forced out from subterranean re-

gions by an immense pressure of the earth's crust; different materials, a different chemical composition, accounts for the variations in color-tones; it is a simple process—so the geologists say; but the result is wonderfully intriguing. Some are almost white; others are coal black!

The Solitario and Hen Egg Peak are in this region; they are landmarks for aviators flying across from El Paso. It was late in the afternoon and Hen Egg Peak seemed to be dark red. Set like a gigantic egg a little above and to one side of a range, this odd mountain peak has been a landmark since the first accounts of the country were given by roving Indians. But it is not really alone; smaller and less imposing domes and peaks, varying in color from gray-white to crow-black, lift into the skyline and furnish a complete setting for the "egg."

Terlingua is a landmark of the Big Bend section, but it is little more; aside from being picturesque and having a foreign atmosphere, it has no real attractions; but it does give some idea of what old Texas was like, and something of the character of the friendly, rugged people who live across the border. Terlingua Creek is a lively stream; it winds around mountains of solid rock, clatters into narrow defiles, sometimes rolling large boulders, cutting its way where there is soil or sand; but it is usually a dry stream. We arrived at a place where the stream had plenty of width; only a few inches of water trickled around the loose stones that were scattered through the main channel, and along the beach of small stones, fragmentary and broken, but seldom worn to the form of traditional pebbles.

The blackbirds came here to get a drink, and while their jargon might have been stimulated by the presence of men and automobiles, they were not timid. There were males in the

richest iridescent black, and females in sunbonnet brown; but they were buoyant and talkative for such a quiet afternoon.

A cicada, of the seventeen-year locust tribe, but probably belonging to the thirteen-year contingent, clattered his drums from a clump of bushes; then, with a "click-click," he shot across the stream almost above the blackbirds; it seemed that he used poor judgment, but the birds did not notice him.

Santa Helena Canyon, "the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande," has not attained fame or "crashed" into literature simply because it is in an out-of-the-way place. Titanic, awe-inspiring, it challenges the admiration and adoration of thoughtful men.

There is a sharpness, a newness, about the jagged rocks and the precipitous cliffs of rock that bring the overwhelming idea of the present-day work of the mighty mill. It is not the result of a cataclysm of past ages; it is now in progress; the mill is grinding.

As we saw it, there was nothing about the quicksilver mines to suggest "quickness"; the slow-moving Mexican miners, the sleepy burros and even the clay-red cinnabar from which the quicksilver is sweated, can only suggest deliberation, time and patience, and the virtue of letting things move at the pace set by circumstances.

Adobe huts are carelessly scattered about, and little fat Mexican children with dogs and pigs and frizzly chickens add a touch of life to habitations where stolid women stare from a distance, but fade out of sight as you approach; a string of red peppers and a black nanny goat complete the prospect. With the exception of a few officers of the mines, the population consists of Mexicans; they have brought Mexico with them, and there is no attempt to interfere; they speak Spanish and follow the customs of old Mexico. The mine store is a

quaint place to spend a little time watching the people with their bargaining, and seeming bickering; sometimes, there are arguments. We were told that Sundays and holidays would mean a surprising stir among the people; that they would really "dress up"—the men with broad-brimmed decorated hats, and the women and children with bright colors, especially red mantillas.

Human habitations are not frequent in the Big Bend country; even along the Rio Grande, there are but few hamlets or villages. Anywhere along the edge of the mountains, there might be a lean-to or jackal made of sticks—and sometimes open on two sides—but it might contain a family. These are simply "squatters," and they sometimes move at the request of someone who has some right, or claims some right, to the range. Surprising but true, there are even more quarrels over property rights and boundaries where the land is all open country and there is room for everybody, than in a well-settled community. Some cowboys told us of passing a Mexican "bootlegger," and in a few minutes we met the man; but he would not stop to talk to us. Evidently he did not care to do business with strangers.

Terlingua Creek empties into the Rio Grande through a canyon 1800 feet deep. Walls of solid red limestone are almost perpendicular. The Rio Grande flows through an immense gash that has been worn down in the steady grind that has continued for centuries. A mighty canyon has been formed where the river makes an abrupt turn along the sheer cliff.

The vastness of the canyon did not come to us with a flash; the extent of the open space back from the river and the great distance to the mouth of the canyon created an impression of room; the idea of bigness began to grow as we entered the canyon and climbed over immense boulders along

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the side of a great wall. It was quiet; we could not hear a sound from the water below; the stark, silent walls seemed to demand a certain reverence; we felt a restraint, akin to a threat, as though we were tempting danger, and when we returned to the open there was friendliness in the warm sunshine.

The flat mesa that borders the Chisos Mountains amounts to a desert floor sparsely flecked with creosote bushes and dwarfed lochiguila. A dry branch that had cut down a few feet below the level of the plain contained a miniature sandbar of extremely white, fine sand; it was so white and smooth, so regularly placed, that we were intrigued to examine it closely. Imagine the shock of finding the tracks of a mountain lion under such circumstances! The great cat had stopped to rest, setting his feet well out and leaving a print of his breast and the marks where he had brushed with his tail.

Typical desert-mountain scenery, the Chisos Mountains are brought out in sharp relief at the edge of this plain; they are new and sharp and definitely colored. Shadows and sunshine make much difference; in the morning sunlight, with a deep-blue sky and a few snow-white clouds floating well above the irregular summits, patches and layers of color become prominent; blue and pink, violet and golden, and in hues and shades that are definite, merge at the edges into silvery white.

Boquillas Hot Springs only needs a promoter—and a good road. A well that furnishes plenty of hot sulphur water must have some attractions for invalids who are advised to bathe in mineral water. We were advised that the hot sulphur water baths could effect a cure for rheumatism, diseases of the blood and the skin. The water is tinged with yellow, and it comes out of the well hot.

Boquillas Canyon is about five miles from Boquillas—the

distance must not be measured direct—and much of the distance represents climbing; even the dependable burro cannot take you the last mile. We could expect steep mountains and even tangles of thorny brush, but here were cane brakes, mud and quicksand, and sharply cut gullies. The river crowds the precipice on the Mexican side, and leaves a sandbar of a respectable width to the Americans. It was no trouble to get to the edge of the water.

The river is swift, but the bits of rock and sand that are constantly being eroded from the sheer cliffs that rise 1800 feet account for strange irregular ripples. Our second "big canyon of the Big Bend" was hardly as imposing as the "Grand Canyon of Texas"; there was a little more room for us, but there were more things to see. Here we were made to feel the bigness of nature and the littleness of man.

While we were resting on a big rock, a faint whistle attracted our attention to a sharp rock that was lodged well up next to the cliff. It was an inquisitive rock squirrel, smaller than a ground squirrel and having lines of spots instead of stripes. With our field glasses we could see his large eyes and the swelling of his throat as he lifted his head to sniff and whistle.

Two causes for regret: we must leave the attractions of the canyon, and we must climb back to where the patient burros were waiting. Even then the prospect of riding such slow animals over the rough ground was hardly alluring; but back at Boquillas, supper might be waiting—a supper of chili, frijoles and tortillos.

Lost Mine Peak is a monument to an unsolved tragedy. A prospector was found dead at his lonely camp, and with his possessions, which were untouched, there were some specimens of very rich ore. If the mine is on the mountain, no one

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has been able to locate it. Dead Horse Mountains got their name from a tragedy. A party of travelers camped in these mountains, and some kind of an epidemic broke out among their horses. All of the horses died and the men were compelled to carry what they could of their belongings on their backs. The disease was so contagious that other campers lost their horses, and even some of the wild horses were stricken.

The hospitality of the Big Bend county yet remains as a highlight that compensates for lack of conveniences, and makes a large payment on bad roads. People were not in a hurry. Ask a man for directions and he would continue to talk until we moved on. And if we stopped at a ranch house, we could expect an invitation to stay for a meal. At the Serna ranch, they made our stay an occasion for a party. Mexicans came with stringed instruments, and while they were not so well organized, they showed dash and spirit as individual players. A hearty good will prevailed; the ranch hands brought in their families and they were all treated as members of the household.

When there was trouble in Mexico, this section was subjected to raids by bands of bandits. They could make a raid and recross the river before the United States soldiers could arrive.

Border towns on the south bank of the Rio Grande—Ruidosa, Ojinaga and Boquillas—have been headquarters for such noted bandits as Villa, Orteco and Fierro. May 1, 1916, a detachment of Mexican raiders from the rebel army crossed the river at Glen Springs, killed several United States soldiers, kidnaped two Americans and escaped with much plunder. The two men, Monroe Payne and Jesse Deemer, escaped from their captors and returned home.

The guayule is one of the strange plants found in this

region. It resembles sagebrush, but there is seldom any other kind of plants found growing with it. At an altitude of 3000 to 4000 feet above sea level, it grows on the limestone ridges where the soil is the newest and the poorest. The general appearance of the plant is grayish, and a sure test for it is to chew a piece of limb until green rubber separates from the bark.

The wild guayule or rubber shrub is pulled up by the roots, since it grows in loose soil, and theoretically, it is baled like hay and hauled to the factory; but in practice, much of it is tied in bunches and carried for miles on the back of a donkey. At the factory, the entire plant is ground; roots, stems and branches, it is fed to the mill; then the ground particles are placed in a steel cylinder, "turkey gizzards," containing round pebbles a little larger than golf balls. These "turkey gizzards" are put through a double compound motion until the material is reduced to a pulpy mass; this mass is thoroughly washed with water—water will remove the impurities without dissolving the rubber. Then the pulpy mass is spread out and thoroughly dried.

The dried mass is treated with gasoline, which dissolves the rubber. The last step is to pour the rubber-saturated gasoline off and allow the gasoline to evaporate, which leaves the crude rubber. This crude product is sold for about \$45 a ton. Rubber factories can be found in several of the border towns of Mexico. The rubber factory at Marathon illustrates the checkered history of this industry. Established in 1905 by Otto Koehler, it ran day and night until 1914, when the guayule was exhausted. For eleven years the factory was closed, while the wild guayule was slowly making a crop. In 1925, when the factory reopened, methods of "speeding up" the work were introduced; in eighteen months the supply of guay-

ule was exhausted for the second time, and now the harvested area included a 100-mile radius from Marathon. The factory was idle at the time of this visit, and no one seemed to know anything about plans for reopening it.

Memorials to Texas Heroes

Memorial markers are being placed on 32 historic spots and on the graves of revolutionary heroes as a part of the Centennial celebration; they include the following sites: The home of President David G. Burnet, the home of Vice-President Lorenzo de Zavala, the home of General Sidney Sherman, the spot where the Texas army crossed Buffalo Bayou at Harrisburg, the camp near Harrisburg where part of the Texas army was encamped on April 21, 1836.

The advisory board of historians includes L. W. Kemp, J. Frank Dobie, Rev. Paul J. Folk and Lieutenant Governor Walter Woodul, chairman of the Centennial Commission of Control.

The Voice of the Woods

IT IS late in the afternoon. The sun has been beating upon the brick walls and cement pavements all day long. Even in the shade of the tall buildings, heat seems to be generated from every direction. Were it not for the absence of moisture, the masonry would be steaming.

A cloud of dust is rolled along the street, but the gust that tosses the papers and lifts the straw hats has a depressing effect of warmth. The persistent crowd nervously but doggedly moves along. The incessant hum and buzz and clatter are partially subdued by the depressing surroundings. Then to escape the heat, the crowd and the city!

It is but a twenty-minute drive to the shady woods. From a distance, it would seem that a thin blanket of haze has been draped over the big trees as though the warm sunbeams had been melted in among the interstices of the foliage and spread a soft film throughout the whole. We find ourselves once more in that dim wonderland whose mysteries are even more enchanting because we cannot fathom them. Our outlook has changed; we have escaped old habits, customs, conventions; centuries of civilization have fallen away and left us in primitive strength and freshness. We can become interested in the great, green, wingless lubber grasshopper that awkwardly pulls himself out of the path and the beautiful yellow-and-brown orb-weaving spider whose wonderful suspension bridge is so artistically strung between two small thornapple trees.

We are breathing the universal life. Without effort, we have slipped several centuries, back even to the beginning of things. We are once more in that rich moment of primeval contact with nature. We feel the emotions that have their

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roots in our earliest ancestry. As the conscious, self-directed train of thinking is supplanted by an older, deeper, instinctive mental rambling, we are but dimly conscious of ourselves and our place in an old world. We are ready for the woods.

Here is silence, profound and all-embracing, but we are hardly aware of the silence before a sort of inarticulate sound seems to come from all directions. A gust of wind in the treetops gives the sycamores a rattle, and this merges into an extended whispering from the graceful pines. A katydid breaks in with a violin selection of "o-ee, o-ee, o-ee, o-ee, —zzt." Far away a rain crow mechanically calls, "chow-chow." Evidently he is flying from one tree to another and must tell others about it. A mockingbird is scolding, "s-it, ss-t" as though she is trying to drive an intruder from her nest. There is a "buzz" as a big bumblebee dives across an opening and plumps down on a yellow thistle.

Since this is a warm afternoon, too warm to be walking around, even to see the marvels of the green woods, we find a place under a patriarchal magnolia that stands on a high bank just above the bayou. A mud turtle is resting on some driftwood just across the narrow stream, and a large water snake is swimming towards the drift. With little effort, he drags himself across the surface. It is hard to understand how a reptile without fins or even legs can swim so easily and gracefully, but he soon makes a landing near the turtle. Out of the water he crawls, and close beside the turtle. He glides along as though the turtle were but a piece of driftwood. We train our glasses on the turtle as the snake is worming himself past without the least concern. Just before the tail of the snake passes, the turtle raises his head slightly, and that is all. The snake slips into some tall reeds near the edge of the water and, as we are taking another look at the

turtle, there is an "awk" and "plunk." A ring of waves shows where the frog hit the water.

What pleasure can a cold-blooded turtle get out of "baking" in that hot sun? By moving but a few feet, he could be in the shade, but he remains in the sun. We drop the glasses and watch. It is the old spirit of the primitive. There is ever the lure of the unexpected, but we are not in a hurry; the luxury of the shade and the privilege of stretching ourselves on the green grass is enough. We watch because we cannot help it; an old instinct has been called into use—and we enjoy it. Do wild animals take pleasure in being hunted—when they can easily escape?

Suddenly from a thicket of ironwood and wild apple overgrown with wild grapevines, there comes a note of penetrating melody, wild and ethereal. Now we are alert. Is this the signal that in a moment we shall see the dim spaces between the trees peopled with fairy drum-majors and elfin choirs? After a moment's pause, the magical song rings again through the listening woods. It is but the too sudden revelation of just what we have been waiting to hear. The forest has found its voice; it is the pre-vesper service of the day, and now there is a deeper penetration. This prelude has a quality of resonance that sets into vibration some of the deeper chords of human sympathy. We are carried away and above the things of this world. On the wings of a bird, we sail in realms of perfection.

How can we describe the wild mystery, the penetrating uplift, of the song of a brown thrasher? Is it not a form of devotion, a call to the higher life, intended to serve as a help in smoothing out the wrinkles of overcivilization, in drawing our feet from quicksands of too much conformity to a mechanical age? In that song there is a thrill of exuberant

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joy and a strikingly intense feeling of pathos. The brown thrasher is the singing evangelist of the bird world.

As the song fades out in the distance, a melody of petty noises seems to fill in the interim, for surely there is something to follow, a concert or symphony, perhaps, and we hear again the katydid, the locust, the field cricket and a piping little tree frog. The leaves on our friendly magnolia rattle with a mellow, hospitable assurance. A single leaf, broken loose by the breeze, falls slowly to the ground, showing alternately a surface of glistening green and sepia brown.

A pair of mudhens float along the edge of the water, noiselessly and gracefully. One of them surprises a crawfish in the shallow water; she pitches it into the air, snaps it as it hits the water again—and the next is a movement of swallowing.

Our turtle is still on the drift. He has not changed his position in thirty minutes, but a very small turtle is immediately behind him. The latter is probably a "striped neck" of last year's hatching. Turtles grow very slowly. There are some ripples in the edge of the water; a banded water-scavenger beetle is tearing at a piece of dead fish.

From the depth of the rich foliage of our magnolia, there bursts the song of a cardinal. There is no reckoning with the possibilities of an hour in the woods. No doubt this crested knight of striking attire has been watching us for a long time. Possibly he watched us as we were coming to this shade. Enos Mills wrote a book entitled "Watched by Wild Animals," in which he recounts some of the curious animal sentinels and animal observers of men who walk around among the haunts of wild animals. If there were any way of finding out, there is a strong possibility that many of our trips to

the woods are most faithfully watched by inquisitive birds, squirrels and other creatures of the woods.

We talked but little; such days impress the mood of silence. Our magnolia is something near 100 years old, and there are other venerable old trees. We are facing an imposing spectacle—not only time, but the great movement of life which fashions these mighty trunks with intricate mechanical contrivances for sending nourishing fluids from the deepest roots to the tallest branches, which clothe them with leaves, decorate them with flowers, and finally hang them with fruit, regularly and completely, year after year, even to the century mark without any sign of waning. Here must be represented an older life than even man has been able to read the history or even completely trace in speculative investigations.

As we trace a path through the tangled brush, the abundance of life is strongly impressed, and as though to make the lesson more vivid, here is a swarm of bees and wasps around a belated elderberry bush. The economy of nature is complete; there is life wherever life can be maintained.

The Spring Migration of Birds

"Birds are the harbingers of spring—the ambassadors from sunshine-land to sunshine-land."

WHEN the birds left last fall, we could not escape a feeling of dreary loneliness; the days were heavy with deep forebodings; and a lingering melancholy hung like a cloud. But now as they return, with their cheerful songs, their sprightly movements and their flashes of brilliant colors, we feel a corresponding ecstasy of joy, an elixir of hope, an unrestrained buoyancy of relief and happy anticipations.

Not only are we privileged to welcome the birds that are returning for the summer and to greet the visitors as they pause on their journey northward, but our multitude of resident birds are fairly bubbling over with the spirit of spring.

With a mockingbird sounding the bugle and leading the chorus from a liveoak, the rose-breasted grosbeak trilling sonatas from the bare branches of the sycamore, the brown thrasher setting the yupon leaves a-tremble with his silvery lute, and the Carolina wren gushing lyrics from the bramble thicket, the ensemble is a prelude to the vernal march of winged minstrels.

It is true that the mockingbird sings any day of the year in this region, and the brown thrasher may sound his lute even on a cloudy day; but there is a quality of vibrant exhilarance that is only born of spring and the mass-movements of other birds. Even the little chick-a-dees that have been with us all winter with their merry chirps and graceful flashes, are now electrified into tireless units of nervous energy.

In some of the Northern states, the robin is the drum-major of spring. Sometimes when the nights are yet frosty

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and some patches of snow remain in sheltered places, this audacious cavalier proclaims the arrival of spring. But even in this land of many birds, and all-year-round birds, the triumphant march of the robins is one of the grandest and the most spectacular features of the spring bird migration.

On the afternoon of February 5, a flock of merry robins was tarrying along the bayou. They were in complete flock formation and had just stopped for a little rest while on their long journey to the north. They were in spring plumage of the brightest glistening sheen—vest of deep orange red and mantle of slaty-brown changeable silk. Every movement and every scrap of song showed the carefree abandon of bubbling youth.

Some of them were already mated for the season, but the greater number were going through the antics and pantomimes of bird courtship.

The females were about as gaily decked out as the males, but it was no trouble to distinguish the sexes. The males were jocund and boisterous, while the females were coy, artful and surprisingly vain.

Evidence of a flock formation was shown by a more or less wedge-shaped arrangement when they flew. When they were resting among the trees, they had scouts ahead and flankers well out on either side, and even stragglers behind that seemed to serve as a sort of rear guard. All this is in sharp contrast to the way in which they roll through the woods when they come south in the fall. Then they show nothing so plainly as fear and suspicion; the whole flock is easily thrown into a panic. There was no danger of a panic with these light-hearted knights and ladies that were on their way as heralds of spring to lands of winter sleep. They were in that happy frame of mind to which all the world is lovely. Even a man with a gun might seem to be something of a joke.

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While we were unable to pick out a real leader, there was evidence of leadership, especially when the birds were startled. They would take a definite formation and continue as though they had been placed. Again, it seemed that those around the edges turned their heads towards the center of the flock just before they took wing, as though they were seeking some kind of a signal from a directing force, and when they left the ground, they went as one.

According to my notes, this year's record, February 5, is the earliest record of the robins passing north during the last fourteen years. In 1920, they began passing through here February 11 and the *Chronicle* carried an article commenting on the fact that the robins were early.

For such small birds, the goldfinches have attracted more attention than they should during the past three months, but February 16 they were on the Rice Institute campus, in the Montrose section and along the bayou above the Waugh Drive bridge. In flocks of twenty to fifty birds, these brightly painted little yellow birds would whirl into the tops of the taller trees, and then begin to "pour themselves" down until some of the stragglers would begin hopping around on the ground. Then without an apparent cause, they would begin to scatter out of the trees. Then after circling and rolling themselves together, the flock would move a short distance to another tree. They seemed to be more nervous than hungry. Were it not for the fact that they were in full spring plumage, they would hardly seem to be migrating birds. It is fairly safe to assume that the individuals who spent the winter near here have not completely molted. Not more than a week ago, a goldfinch was seen near the North Side library which was almost without yellow feathers.

Everybody knows when the blackbirds are moving; they

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are home-folks who tell everything. Instead of keeping secrets, they advertise. With a gust like a whirlwind, they roll through the treetops, clatter on the roofs, and drive the hungry alley cats to shelter. Other birds must get out of their way, and birds of prey—hawks and owls—are no exception to this rule. An old owl who happens to be caught in the path of such a bird storm has a rough time getting to a safe retreat.

This clatter and boisterous play of the blackbirds is probably more of an adjunct of their mating and getting ready for the year than of the migrating from one place to another. But they do migrate. It is quite probable that some of the swarms that clattered through the city during the early days of the month were really on their way to the north.

While there are many scientific observers now giving attention to bird migrations, and these making use of banding and marking of particular birds, Gatzke yet maintains his place as the best authority on this elusive question. His suggestion that some birds fly at the enormous rate of 180 miles an hour during their migratory flight has never been disproved, and modern research tends to strengthen his views. Cordeau has established the fact that a flock of hooded crows flew at the rate of 108 miles an hour; but another observer, Tegetmeier, found that carrier pigeons flew at the rate of 55 miles an hour. Neither crows nor carrier pigeons are fast-flying birds. With these, we have some data in support of the assumption that the Virginia plover, a really fast-flying bird, accomplishes the enormous speed of 212 miles an hour.

One surprising fact concerning the fall migration is that some of the flocks that wing their way to the south are composed entirely of young birds. The old birds of the species tarry on the nesting grounds a few days after the young have

departed. In this dangerous journey, they must rely entirely upon instinct. Next to the problem of migration is that of the spread or distribution of birds over their nesting ground. Evidently there are some robins nesting each year all the way from the Rio Grande to the Great Lakes.

In a sense, birds are feathered instincts. Seeking pleasure in sunny climes, avoiding barren fields and the deadening cold and the relentless winds, these children of the summer shift from zone to zone, guided by instinct. Always happy, always gay and overflowing with exuberant life, their arrival in the spring is hailed with a feeling of relief, a buoyant spirit of hope. This ebb and flow of the feathered tide seems to possess an irresistible fascination.

Monument to Dick Dowling

In the presence of 800 people, a monument was dedicated to Lieutenant Dick Dowling in old St. Vincent's Cemetery, Houston, November 2, 1935. Speakers included Mayor Oscar Holcombe, Attorney General William McCraw and Bishop C. E. Bryne of Galveston. Judge Norman B. York presided and Mrs. Annie Dowling Robertson of Austin, daughter of the famous Confederate commander, recited a poem commemorating the deeds of Dowling and his immortal band of 42 men who held the pass against a federal fleet of 22 ships and an army of 6000 men.

In Defense of the Pelican

"A wonderful bird is the pelican!
Its mouth will hold more than its belican.
It can hold in its beak
Enough fish for a week—
But I don't see how the helican."

THIS bit of trivial doggerel verse fits a popular conception of the pelican. An oddity, a strangely unreasonable type of bird life, yet with an uncanny efficiency that would enable it to maintain its place among living forms, this bird is a problem, a puzzle, a rebus.

Why is a pelican? Why such a grotesque caricature of bird life? Are there jokes in nature? It must have been a jovial occasion when the first pelican lumbered into the world of living things. If an armadillo is an old joke, and a porcupine is a sharp-pointed joke, what kind of a joke is a pelican?

Its appearance is ludicrous and pathetic. Great wings, short tail, short legs, plump and heavy body, large eyes that stare like marbles set in a snow image; but it is the 14-inch beak with an immense dilatable pouch slung to the lower mandible that attains the acme of grotesque awkwardness. Even the toucan, which has been described as "a bird smaller than its own beak," does not seem so droll.

The clown of the seashore, this great, clumsy, lumbering fisherman somehow gets the fish. A mouthful, a bucketful, a basketful, a creel-full, minnows by the dozen. And that is the opportunity for herring gulls to rush up and poke their beaks into the capacious pouch. Old Pelican must shut his mouth and fly away if he would have anything left after these raiders arrive. Although the elastic pouch is of unusual capacity, holding a dozen or more fish, the pelican must swal-

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low the fish one at a time. When he has made a good catch, he waddles out on land, empties the fish on the ground and swallows them separately—and that with many contortions and twists of his rather slender neck.

On land, his gait is heavy, awkward and waddling; but in water and in air, he is something of a master. He floats like a cork. A set of extraordinarily developed air-sacs enables the heavy body to float high above the surface of the waves. Pelicans can sleep on the open sea. Tossed by the waves and driven by the winds, they sleep. With that immense beak thrust over the back or under the wing, old Pelican can ride the waves and forget the world. Since they migrate twice a year and sometimes cross a thousand miles of open water, this happy adaptation of being able to sleep on the water serves a good purpose.

The log of a British steamship furnishes this completely authenticated instance. The "Scylla" was moving along full-steam ahead when the lookout called down to the bridge, "Shoal on the starboard bow." Since the charts showed that they were at least 100 miles from land, surprise changed into anxiety when a glistening white island hove into view. The white patch proved to be an acre of white pelicans. About 500 of these great birds were quietly resting on the water in a compact flock.

They rise easily from the water; the hydroplane becomes an airplane, and the flock falls into a military formation. Easily and gracefully, each bird falls into place and the flock is ready for a series of concerted masterful evolutions that might suggest the wing-drills of sandpipers or shore-plovers.

Small flocks sometimes use the V-formation like wild geese, but more frequently they fly in a single line. The writer happened to be at the end of the long pier when a

flock of about 100 pelicans were flying past Corpus Christi. Indian style and only a few feet apart, they made a complete line drawn about thirty feet above the water. There was something about a camp fire near the Beach Hotel which the leader did not like. With energetic flapping, he arose a few feet, and after flying a short distance, he resumed his regular course on the original level. The line of birds came along as though nothing had happened until they came to the place; then each bird would climb a few feet, make the curve and settle down to the regular level. Thus the line made an abrupt curve or steeplechase bend over this camp.

The sexes are practically alike in plumage with the seasonal variations, but during the courting season the male is likely to grow one or more horny excrescences on the upper mandible. This knoblike gun-sight of solid bone seems to be something like an adornment for display—possibly comparable to a three-cornered mustache or some spit-curls—since it is shed later in the season.

The life-span of a pelican is 40 years (Dr. Mitchell)—a long life for a bird. Eight or ten years is too long for most birds, but there are a few small birds that attain the age of 15. A cardinal redbird lives to be 20, a condor 50, an eagle 55, a raven 60, but a parrot lives 100 years.

When the Psalmist David exclaimed, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness," he doubtless intended the simile of a lone bird lost from its companions. Pelicans are gregarious birds; they live in flocks, and the plight of a lost pelican is symbolic of misery.

The food of the pelican is of negative importance; it is neither beneficial or harmful. While the uncouth dip-net catches many fish, they are mostly surface fish, such as mullet, menhaden and moss-bunkers—fish that are seldom used for

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food. They also eat crawfish, shrimp, salamanders and locusts.

When fishing in the shallows, a flock of pelicans will form themselves into a horseshoe, thereby making a "round-up" and a drive to shore. The fish are driven into a mass so that they can be more easily taken with the great dip-nets.

With such an immense beak and a two-gallon mouth, the tongue is almost absent; it is little more than a short muscular projection that serves to push food towards the opening of the throat.

Young pelicans are naked, awkward, soft-bodied, roly-poly dependents. Quite blind when they come out of the shell, they have been referred to as "blind appetites." A young pelican almost as big as its mother is quite helpless. It is well that there are but two youngsters in a family, and that both parents assist in the feeding, for it takes great industry to supply enough food for their insatiable appetites.

There is but one important colony left in Texas. Why are they being exterminated? Amateur sportsmen. A pelican is a large mark; with a repeating shotgun, any novice can have several shots while the bird is in range. He usually succeeds in crippling the bird so that it must hobble around with a broken wing or a broken beak until a real hunter happens along and puts an end to real suffering.

A picturesque bird, they lend a charm of interest to unattractive places. Pelicans are scenery. They are refreshing. A pelican is always good for a laugh. Its strangeness allures. Unique in the category of bird life, it intrigues the imagination of nature lovers. Its charm of oddity surpasses credulity.

The pelican is too good a joke to be suppressed. In this prosaic world, we need the pelican. It is for the entertainment of tourists and vacationists that a great, awkward pelican poses herself on a big rock, preens her feathers with a

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bill 14 inches long or assumes a sleepy attitude. After the human spectators have snapped their kodaks and exhausted their supply of adjectives and exclamations, she may seem to be a little weary and even yawn, opening enough of her mouth for a cat to jump into. The pelican belongs to the future. It is our privilege to preserve this picturesque exaggeration of delightful awkwardness. Its appeal takes two directions—the sublime and the ridiculous.

Memorial Markers for Texas Heroes

Memorial markers are being placed as follows: The graves of John R. Reid, David Porter Richardson, Fielding Secrest, William S. Stilwell, William C. Swearingen, Henry Livingston Thompson, Freeman Wilkinson, Jethro R. Bancroft, Mrs. David G. Burnet, John Cheevers, William D. Durham, Peter J. Duncan, Amos B. Edson, Joseph Ehlinger, William Gam-mell, David Grieves, James Harris, Nathaniel C. Hazen, Har-vey Homan, Isaac L. Jacques, Mrs. Rebecca Lamar, Archibald S. Lewis, Jacob Maybee, Robert W. Montgomery, Eli Noland.

The Texas Peccary

"The nice little pig with a querly tail,
All soft as satin and pinky pale,
Is a very different thing by far
Than the lumps of iniquity big pigs are."

THE peccaries are the American representatives of the wild hog family. While our common domestic pigs have not been developed from the peccaries, there is every reason to believe that the introduction of hogs from Europe prevented the domestication of peccaries.

There are two species of peccaries: the white-lipped peccary of South America and the collared peccary which is the familiar form in Texas. The contrast between them and the pigs of the old world is most striking. As a full-grown peccary weighs only about fifty pounds, is of trim build and extremely muscular, it is a very agile animal. The hind foot has only three toes. The digestive apparatus is most remarkable; it possesses a stomach something like that of a cow and also a pig; and it is this happy combination cow and hog stomach that enables the animal to thrive on various kinds of food.

Of the Texas peccary (*Tayassu angulatum*) much has been said of its courage. The famous Indian scout, Kit Carson, spent the greater portion of a night in a tree while a herd of peccaries kept guard, and the only recorded instance when our great national hunter, Theodore Roosevelt, was forced ignominiously to abandon the field and climb a tree was when he was charged by a herd of javelinas after he had emptied his rifle. Under ordinary circumstances, they will break for cover, and they are so expert in concealing themselves among inaccessible clumps of cactus that further pur-

suit is useless. With true pig nature, a peccary will not give up after it has really begun to fight. In that case it will die rather than run. The story of a peccary that was captured while young and raised as a pet illustrates the real nature of the animal:

Some hunters wounded a female peccary and after pursuing her for a time, they noticed two young ones glide like a streak into a bunch of prickly pear. After much trouble, they captured one of them; it was a male about the size of a half-grown kitten. They called him Pancho, but later "Villa" was annexed to the name. For a time he was savage and would snap viciously at anything that came too close. In such cases, he was so ferocious that he was amusing. His little eyes would glow like coals, and the bristles on his neck would raise and lower. Sometimes there would be a shrill cry of defiance accompanied by a stamping of a forefoot. One rush at the cat settled the question as to who was boss. After one exhibition, the only way that the cat could be brought into the room was by force.

Pancho was the most easily satisfied boarder on the place. He would eat anything—pecans, potatoes, meat, bread, apples, celery, horseradish, eggs, alfalfa hay, acorns, peanuts and many other things. He drew the line on chewing gum and gum drops, however; but he would eat stick candy. Because of his good appetite, he grew very rapidly and became plump and sleek.

He became so tame that he would follow people around the yard. One day a strange dog made a sudden attack upon Pancho, and before anyone could tell what was going on, Pancho rushed past the dog, tearing an ugly gash in his shoulder. In separating the two, one of the men who had known Pancho from the day that he was brought to the

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house got a sharp cut just above the shoetop from those sharp teeth. Pancho knew no friends when he was angry. He seemed to fight by rushing slightly past with great force and slashing as he passed. As he grew older, he acquired the habit of running at strange dogs; also of rubbing against people's legs. Pushing him off was all right, and he would stand comparatively rough play; but it was never well to beat or kick him when he was too friendly, for he might get mad. When he was about seven months old they added his surname "Villa" because of his show of temper. He was always very willful and demanded his own way. He finally became so ill-natured that he was dangerous, and it was thought best to send him to a museum.

Nothing is given for nothing in this world. With a consuming interest, an hour becomes a moment, and labor a delight. Natural objects have curiosity, new truths, first pleasure to communicate, the thrill of the discoverer. Constructing a grapevine swing may give as much pleasure as erecting a skyscraper, when it calls out unused primitive instincts.

Genius is intensity. A yellow-jacket is some kind of a genius.

The Trapdoor Spider

A CREATURE of instinct, swayed by a whim, the spider is a consummate craftsman, a mite of fancy, an ogre. We are thrilled and enraptured; we are made to shudder. The elite princess of a silken boudoir has never learned compassion.

The home of the trapdoor spider is a tunnel in the ground. Living in tunnels or holes in the ground is quite common among insects. But the trapdoor spider lines her burrow with gray-white, silk tapestry. Not only is the tunnel completely lined with silk, like a costly jewel casket, but the aristocratic artisan has contrived a wonderfully complete hinged door.

This door is substantially constructed of alternate layers of silk and bits of leaves, sand or dirt. When the surrounding surface of the soil is bare, the trapdoor is covered with soil so as to accord with the landscape; but if there is a growth of grass or fine herbage around it, the trapdoor may support a growth that corresponds.

Here is a master of camouflage. She employed it with success ages before man ever thought of using it in war. No scheme of planted shrubbery or painted landscape can compare. The most ambitious plan of "movable woods," "set-up grain fields" or "built-up hills" must be crude and artificial, a scarecrow imitation, when compared to the clever trapdoor which is simply a part of the landscape.

The edges of the trapdoor are neatly beveled so that it fits the circular opening completely. Not a drop of water can get into the nest. A heavy, beating rain may fall, water may stand for a time over the nest, and yet this queen of *Territer-lariae* may remain dry and cozy in her silk-lined castle.

Even when the whole area of the land is flooded and a

lake of water stands above the trapdoor, it may be a day or two before water soaks through the silken lining and drowns out the spider. Finally, when the spider is driven from her home, she is not likely to give up. Being lighter than water, she floats to the surface, drifts to the shore—and immediately she begins the construction of another nest. Just how she can turn herself into a spinning-machine whenever it happens to suit her needs, is one of the weighty questions upon which learned men can only speculate. But that is not the worst. If food is not to be had, she can get along without it for weeks, and even months. Time for meals and necessity for food seem to be among the whims of a spider.

Professor Woodward tells of accidentally leaving a spider in a box that he shipped to the laboratory when out on a collecting expedition, and after five months confinement without anything to eat, it was as well as usual. For a few days it was not specially hungry, but finally it developed a good appetite.

The artistic orbs and funnels and trapdoor tunnels of spiders are made by females. The male is not much of a workman. He is an exception to the general rule among living creatures that the male is the stronger and the most capable. He is smaller, weaker and justly afraid of the competent lady. Students of insects, who try to make matches among spiders, are confronted with strange facts.

A female that had been kept over winter seemed to be a little restless, and the general opinion was that it was the mating season and she was lonesome. Black spiders of her type were not plentiful in the neighborhood, and the whole class was asked to be on the watch for a male spider. After three weeks, a fairly good specimen of a male was brought in. "Now the lady will have a husband," said the young man as

he dropped the frail little male into the cage with the lonesome one.

When he hit the floor of the cage, she turned just like she did when she was being fed, and her next move was to pounce upon him and begin eating. She ate him with as little ceremony as she would eat a fly, and she seemed to relish him as well.

Another prospective husband was brought in, but warned by the first experience, a cage was set up next to that of the lonesome one so that the two might get acquainted before he was thrust upon the good graces of such a whimsical lady. At first he showed great fear, and any move that she might make in his direction would cause him to dash for the farthest corner. But the second day he showed some interest in her. He would come out of his hiding place and make careful little sorties in her direction. He would dash forward, and retreat by inches, out and back like children playing prison-base. His movements were calculated to try out the temper of the terrible lady.

She seemed to quit noticing him, and this caused him to increase his attentions. Soon he was allowed to hang on the screen next to her cage. She did not encourage him, but she quit making threats at him. He made the best of the advantage and for three hours he remained posted just opposite to her. While there were no advances and she did not seem to notice him, her attitude was interpreted to mean that she might accept his attentions. After two more days, the cage was opened so that he could get through into her cage. When he found that the door was open, he became timid again.

He would start towards her—and hesitate. Then he would retreat. Soon he would be back again, as if drawn by a silent summons. But his heart would fail him. As though he were

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in a meditative mood, he would draw back. A change was obvious; his sallies were a little more extensive; he came a little closer.

Putting aside caution, he made a great dash towards her. And that was his last mistake. Like a cat would grab a mouse, the black lady pounced upon him. With a half-turn she seemed to set her pointed feet a little tighter about his frail body, and we could imagine a gleam of exultant wickedness in her liquid-black eyes. She did not immediately begin eating him, but somehow she contrived to suck the life-blood from his body. In less than five minutes she left his lifeless shell of a body and proceeded to a comfortable place to rest.

So much had been said about the terrible black widow that more eligible knights were brought. It seemed that all the students in the department were looking for a black spider that might be acceptable to the whimsical lady.

After No. 2, there were four luckless knights who met a terrible death because of their presumption. A maze of cardboard strips was prepared so that an unlucky suitor might easily escape—if he really got away from her. Not one of them was given a chance to escape, although she could not be hungry.

No. 7 was a little smaller than the average, and he was even more timid. From the first he tried a waiting game. Seeking a position where he could see her without making himself conspicuous, he would spend hours just looking at her. Among people there is an old saw to the effect that if the man is a little too slow, the woman can be depended upon to help with the courtship. When this timid knight would not venture out, the lady began to inch over his way. She would even come to his side of the cage, and sometimes she

THE TRAPDOOR SPIDER

would hang on the edge of the maze. When she came too close, he would dart out of sight.

She did not follow him, but she moved away and waited for him to come back. When he appeared, she would inch towards him; and when he seemed to be about ready to run away, she would move back a little. In a few hours he became bolder, but whenever he would raise his forelegs and turn, she would move back. Strange though it may seem, this independent lady who had actually killed six gallant suitors, was finally obliged to do her share of the courting. The lot of the male spider is not to be envied; neither is that of the female—for in the end, her own young spiderlings are likely to eat her.

The Outdoor Nature Club Houston, Texas

An active organization of nature lovers, naturalists, scientists and other public-spirited citizens, who sponsor conservation, city beautification, parks and wild-life preserves, hikes and outings, to the end that a progressive civilization may continue to appreciate the opportunities of the great outdoor for health and recreation, and that they will keep alive the inherited sentiments that cluster around birds and trees and wild flowers.

Correspondence concerning the work of this organization should be addressed to J. M. Heiser, Jr., 1724 Kipling Street Houston, Texas.

Footpaths in River Oaks

HERE were no engineers with compass and transit to lay out "Single-File Trail." Like the wild landscape, it was developed as the features attained their ideal of perfection. Even a thicket of yupon, blackjack or thorn-apple must have borders where they can have breathing space, and around these borders the feathery pines whistle, the star-leafed sweet gums blush, and the evergreen liveoaks glisten in summer and in winter sunshine.

Whether it was the timid rabbit or the coyote that stalked him, the slim-limbed deer, the bounding wolf or a flock of wild turkeys that first made a faint trail around the edge of the thicket, across a little open space as a sort of prelude to plunging directly under a giant magnolia and meandering among the big trees, it makes little difference in the result: the trail became definite along the bank to a place where it could cross "Narrow Gully." During the next forty years, the direction and meanderings of different parts of the trail may have changed many times, but the crossing of "Narrow Gully" was in continual use. The feet of men and animals and the erosion of the water that pours along the trail into the gully after every rain have worn this part into a ditch five feet deep.

About ten years ago there was a little house along the trail, just west of Narrow Gully. The colored family who lived there were always ready to talk to anyone who happened along the trail: they would tell big stories of "two-headed thunder snakes" and "big, white, boom-boom birds" that could "carry off a chile." In a year or two, the family and the house disappeared, and nature was so prompt in repairing the ravages of man that little trace could be found of

such a habitation at the time they began to develop the River Oaks section.

This trail led to Indian Camp, which in 1912 consisted of a circular patch of grassland, of possibly fifty acres, with three houses set off next to the timber on the bank of "Long Gully." At that time, an old log at the edge of the thicket marked a popular lunch site for picnic parties from the city. Burdock, Spanish needles and cockleburs grew along the log just where they had been planted by some wayfarer who enjoyed the hospitality of the place some time during the previous year. But this was not all. As these hardy weeds made a way for themselves in the tough sod, some maid-of-the-mist, purple bell flowers and slim-spiked rabbit-noses lifted their heads above and around as though nature was determined to maintain an acceptable standard of beauty in spite of the disagreeable suggestion of weeds.

Where the big woods met the thicket, with large moss-draped trees on one side, a close-set series of terraced green on the other, with Indian Camp demurely resting against a dense woods in front and an extensive patch of nightshade scattered almost to the log, the twilight would creep into the darker spaces, blot out some of the details, only to heighten the more enduring features. Before the sun would sink into the rolling green foliage to the west, no one could give a second thought to the nightshade; but as the shadows settled among the trees, the dark-green nettled leaves became a setting of black for clusters of exquisite flowers. Pure-white, snow-white, the charm and richness of the deadly nightshade was irresistible. Hundreds of people have been captivated by the striking purity and unwanted abundance of this dangerous nettle.

Even fifteen years ago, the region west of Shepherd's Dam

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was, for the most part, open woods. Single-File Trail through "the thicket" was indeed a single-file trail. From all indications, Indian Camp was one of those natural camp sites that occur so often just where they are needed. Every requirement for a camp was fulfilled: wood, shelter, drainage, pasture for animals and drinking water from a spring that was flowing when the first settlers arrived. In addition to this, extensive woods offered plenty of wild game, fruits and nuts—as Mr. Randolph expresses it, "everything but salt and tobacco." Men now living tell of killing deer and wild turkeys in this region, and there were woodcock along the bayou until Camp Logan was established.

Very little history of Indian Camp is available. There seems to be some evidence that it was used as a camp long before Houston was settled. Indians, Mexicans, gypsies, adventurers and settlers camped there, but in most instances they seem to have gone on their way without leaving a permanent mark of their presence. Indian Camp is only a name, for few instances of Indians camping there can be established. One instance is frequently recounted by the old-timers.

A Mr. Walcher, who lived several miles southwest of town, found that his fat hogs were gone from their pen. A print of a moccasined foot was found along the path. Of course, the Indians had stolen his hogs. He came to town late at night. Everybody was in bed, but he went to several houses, called through the doors or windows and told his story. He was wildly angry and he wanted someone to go with him to Indian Camp. No one cared to get up and start on such an errand, especially since some of the Indians had been in town very late and when they started for camp were in a high state of intoxication.

After assuring Mr. Walcher that it was a "bunch of bad

Indians" and that they were both "drunk and dangerous," the fighting population of the town turned over and went to sleep again.

The loss of a winter's meat supply was no small matter, and the indifference of his fellowmen only served to add force and staying qualities to the bad temper of Mr. Walcher. Muttering something like "It would be as well to be killed now as to starve during the winter," he started alone for the Indians' camp.

All was quiet, but he soon had the camp astir. He kicked dogs, rolled sleeping men out of their blankets, stormed at men and women, set papooses to crying and whole families to quarreling and created a general pandemonium as he literally searched the tents, the wagons and everything about the camp. But all of this disturbance failed to reveal the hogs. Uncalmed and unscalped, he mounted his buckskin pony and went home. The next day a neighbor came over to inform Mr. Walcher that his hogs were in a lot; they had simply broken out and wandered away. This story seems to accord with many others that are told of that period. Most of the Indians were degenerate rather than savage.

Among the campers in the vicinity of the spring, there was a family of religious enthusiasts. The father of the family spent much time distributing leaflets on religious topics and accepting whatever little gifts of chickens, milk, corn meal or vegetables the good farm women could be induced to contribute to the cause. The son-in-law worked a little as a carpenter and painter; and, though he worked little, he talked much. The women were not very industrious, but they "were good talkers and quite eloquent in prayer." Religion was the specialty of the family, but they offered much advice on any and all subjects.

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It was late in the fall, and the mosquitoes were very troublesome. These dispensers of religion and wisdom began to build big fires. They advised others to build big fires, and finally they advised that the woods be burned over. One day they set the example by starting fires along the bayou. Luckily, the fires were discovered before they got a good start, and men rushed from all around. At that time, a prairie fire was a menace that called for extreme efforts from every individual, old or young. When the man who had been instrumental in setting the fire did not fall in with the fire-fighters, there was some murmuring; but he was allowed to stand apart for a time. While things were at this stage "Long John" arrived astride a heavy work horse with blind bridle but no saddle; evidently he had just unhitched in the field and galloped across the prairie to help put out the fire. About the first words that he heard were complaints against the man who was not helping with the work. "He just smiles and says 'mosquitoes,' as though we must all be burned up to kill the mosquitoes." "Oh, those smiles and mosquitoes!" and "Long John" started for his man.

As "Long John" approached, he was met by a sanctimonious smile and "I am Reverend Carta, I—" But that was the end of the introduction. He received a slap with a wet sack, a shower of profanity punctuated with more slaps and some kicks.

In a very short time the "Reverend Carta" was not only persuaded that fire was a bad thing in these woods, but he was helping to put it out. With such good help, the fire was soon extinguished. But "Long John" was not willing to let his man quit so soon. Even after there was no fire, he kept slapping the "Reverend" and ordering him to "hurry and work" wherever there were wisps of smoke. This was a great joke

to some colored boys who had been helping put out the fire. They simply let loose all restraint and laughed so loud that they could be heard "the other side of town." Early that evening, the "Reverend Carta" and his family decided to move their establishment and tracts to some place where they would be appreciated.

For a time the place was a rendezvous for horse traders; they would drive around the country with a string of lean and otherwise defective horses, and when they could manage a "swap" for a real horse, that horse would be sold. Being habitual "borrowers" who never intended to "bring back what they borrowed," they were worse than undesirable neighbors. But the people who lived near them were not in a position to make them move.

Some horse dealers over in town who did not like the traders were consulted, and a plan was worked out whereby an old horse that had died in the street was dragged behind a wagon all of the way out to the camp. This was done in the latter part of the night. The next move was to spread the news that the horse had died of distemper. Early the next morning, one of the traders happened into a saloon. The bartender and some of the early morning customers obligingly told him all about the dead horse and the threatened outbreak of distemper. They even suggested that the officers would probably be out today and kill all of the horses and dogs in the neighborhood.

But it happened that this particular trader had just returned from Galveston and that no one had been to town from the region of the camp. The story had been given out too soon. Besides, the horse was one that the traders had worked off on some Mexicans a few days before. The whole plan was a failure, but the traders accepted the implied sug-

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gestion and they lost no time in moving their collection of frail and decrepit "work horses."

One of the grandest times that is recorded for this section was a barbecue for the colored voters. Evidently the management of this affair was incog; no one seems to claim the honor of sponsoring it, and the claim is that some of the expenses have never been paid.

Refreshments were in two courses—whisky and beef. The whisky was ready to serve but the beef had to be roasted. Before the two beeves were really started to roast, a barrel of whisky was put on tap some distance away and behind a thick patch of brush. This naturally divided the crowd into two groups. Most of the younger men stayed with the whisky, while many of the older ex-slaves continued the work of roasting the beef. Then there were many colored people of that day who could not be induced to drink intoxicants, and these, with the women and children, remained near where the beef was being roasted.

From the brush patch, the noise waxed louder and louder; some politicians were talking to small groups. Some of the women made brave attempts to get their erring husbands into the right group, but their good efforts were not rewarded with remarkable success. There was much murmuring about "drunken good-for-nothin's" and "big-talk white men." Finally some of the older people got their heads together and decided that the crowd should go home—and take the beef with them. As a chunk of beef was handed to a person, that person would depart. The beef was only half roasted, but that made little difference; it could be boiled, stewed, baked or fried and eaten with a smile. The plan worked so well that before the men of the whisky party were aware of it, all of the beef was well on the way to the family kitchens. The

party ended without any real casualties; many of the men got very drunk, but probably the women scolded them a little less than usual.

A great, spreading liveoak that stood near what might be considered the head of "Deep Gully" was known as "Murder Tree." This tree stood close to a wagon trail, and the trunk, as high as a man could reach, was covered with initials, dates and monograms of various kinds that had been cut in with pocket knives. Among the initials there was a set that corresponded to those of a noted "killer," a man who was said to have killed several men, and it was on this slender thread of mere possibility that the friendly old tree received such a name. Many a weary family traveling across the country had stopped under the tree to rest and lunch and feed the horses; travelers frequently camped under it; and on hot days, its cool shade offered a welcome that made men and animals grateful. It was a public institution worthy of a successor blessed with the protection of a generation that travels too fast to appreciate roadside trees in the way that old-timers, traveling by wagon, could revel in the shade while the horses were resting. Old "Murder Tree"—better say "Initial Tree"—is gone; like many others, it represented an institution, a welcome, an invitation. "Here is shade, here is hospitality—enjoy it." No institution of the present day compares to the roadside tree; in some parts of our country, space to camp or even to rest must now be bartered for.

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